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THE BEST ESTATE.

BY P. E. WEATHERLY.

Art thou thine own heart's conqueror?
Strive ever thus to be;
That is the fight that is most sore,
The noblest victory.

Art thou beloved by one true heart?
O prize it! it is rare;
There are so many in the mart,
So many false and fair.

Art thou alone? O say not so!
The world is full, be sure;
There is so much of want and woe,
So much that thou canst cure.

Art thou content in youth or age?
Then let who will be great;
Thou hast the noblest heritage,
Thou hast the best estate!

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THERE was nothing new in Miss Danecourt's arguments. One by one they had come to Cecil during the long, sleepless, summer night; they scarcely needed to acquire the new strength which Anne's accusing voice gave them—they could not be more deeply graven in the girl's heart than they were already.

She knew their truth, her breaking heart had acknowledged it by its deepening pain. She knew that marriage with her, stained as she was, would bring dishonor upon Hugh Danecourt, if his friends or tenants knew that she was Cecil Beaumont, who had been tried for her life in the little Welsh town, and who, if she had been acquitted, had yet left the court with a terrible suspicion still upon her.

But if his love was great enough to excuse that stain, if he did not mind, why should she let his sister's words affect her as they did? She lifted her drooping head and looked at Anne Danecourt with pleading, wistful, reproachful eyes.

"He loves me!" she said, with sudden, miserable vehemence. "He loves me!"

"He loves you now. Yes; I do not seek to deny his love, or its greatness and unselfishness. He loves you most deeply, but the test to which you would put his love is one which no love, however great, could stand; under it, it would be sure to fail."

"It has not failed!" Cecil said, with a sudden fair little smile lighting up her sad face. "You see it bore the test; it has not failed!"

"It has not been tried yet," Anne Danecourt said sternly. "He has had no time yet to think seriously of the matter. He loves you, and his pity, his compassion for you are great, and his sense of honor is very high. But when time goes on, when he sees what your love has cost him, that he has lost the esteem of his fellow men through you, that he has, for you, blotted and tarnished a name which has been hitherto stainless, when he knows that his wife is looked upon with scorn, or, at best, with pity, do you think he will love you then? Or even should his love survive, do you suppose he would be happy?"

Cecil left the question unanswered; the fair, pale, little smile had faded from her face, but she still kept her head erect, and her eyes were fixed upon Anne's grave, stern face.

"Do you suppose he would be happy?" Miss Danecourt went on. "You know that he would not! He is a proud man and he would suffer keenly in his degradation, and, if you love him, your heart would break at the first look of scorn cast upon him, since the scorn came to him through you."

"Through me?" Cecil repeated, putting both her hands to her heart for a moment. "Through me?"

"Through you!"

A silence followed—a heavy, oppressive silence, which Cecil was the first to break.

"What can I do?" she said faintly. "I cannot make the world believe in my innocence as he does——"

"No but you can——"

Miss Danecourt had begun firmly, but the look in Cecil's eyes had checked her words.

"I can——" Cecil said questioningly.

"You can give him up!" Anne answered steadily, with an effort keeping all sign of emotion out of her voice.

"I can give him up?" Cecil repeated slowly.

"Yes."

"But I love him," the girl said throwing out her hands with a little, despairing gesture.

"It is because you love him that you will do so," was the prompt answer; "because you love him, you will not drag him down to your sad level; because you love him you will not ask him to share your disgrace!"

Slowly, like a woman in physical agony, Cecil moved over to the window; she felt sick and faint, and on the point of swooning; the fresh air revived her somewhat; she turned and held out her trembling hands in passionate entreaty.

"Anne," she said, feebly yet vehemently, passionately yet despairingly, "have some pity on me! I am a most unhappy woman, and the one ray of sunshine my life holds comes from Hugh's love. I cannot give him up; he loves me; he is willing to share my shame, if shame there is in having been wrongly accused! He *will not* give me up, I *cannot* give him up; he is all I have!"

"You do not love him then," Miss Danecourt said sternly. "True love would think less of its own gratification than of the welfare of what it loves. Your love is self-love merely; to gratify it you would sacrifice Hugh's future, his honor, and his name! You would make him unhappy."

"He would not be unhappy; we love each other; to be together is almost enough for happiness. Anne! Anne! Anne! be merciful!" She tottered to Anne's side and caught her arm with her frail, burning, fevered hands. "He is your brother and you love him, but I love him a hundred times more dearly."

"Yet you would ruin him."

The hot, trembling fingers loose their clasp as Cecil staggered back, almost as if she had received a blow.

Once more there was silence. The struggle was over, and Anne Danecourt had conquered. Cecil's resistance had been fierce, but from the first it had been despairing. Hugh was lost to her. Yet even now her despair forced her into words again.

"It would only be for a short time," she muttered wearily; "I am dying. Leave him to me for the little that remains."

"And if that be true," Anne Danecourt said slowly, "it can only be a greater reason that, for a short-lived gratification, you should not inflict a life-long wrong."

Cecil turned her eyes slowly upon her face. Strong as Anne Danecourt was in the righteousness of her purpose, that look, so reproachful, so despairing, made her feel like an executioner.

It reminded her of the look she had seen once in the dying eyes of a favorite spaniel, whom she had loved well, and who, in its death throes, had looked at her with a pitiful, loving, reproachful expression in its dying eyes, which had all the pathos of an appeal which she could not satisfy.

There was much the same expression in Cecil's eyes now; they were full of despair, of anguish, of appeal, yet Anne Danecourt felt as powerless to grant that appeal as she had felt to win the dog she loved back to life. That, indeed, had been impossible, and this, in Anne's creed, was equally so.

She could not let her brother marry Cecil Beaumont, if by any fair means she could prevent it. Yet, in her heart she was sorry for this poor girl, so much her junior in years, yet her senior in sorrow and suffering.

Perhaps Cecil read the truth in her grave, pitying eyes; she stood silent, leaning heavily against the wall, her arms hanging listlessly at her sides, her head sunk forward on her breast, her eyes staring at the floor with a vacant expression in their depths.

How could she give up the one good thing life had ever held out to her—this golden radiance of love which would gild the last few months of her short life?—how could she? And yet—and yet——

The sun had risen higher in the heavens, the day was older by fully half an hour, before that silence was broken by words.

Once Anne had drawn near Cecil, and tried gently to lead her to a chair, but the girl had shrunk from her touch, as if she loathed it, with an unconscious gesture of dislike, and Anne had turned away and seated herself in silence.

In Cecil's heart the struggle which had waged there through the night lived again, every argument came back to her with fresh force, strengthened, as they were, by the sight of that quiet, waiting figure, and the patient expectation in Anne Danecourt's eyes.

She knew that this struggle would end differently from the other; that instead of retaining her hold upon Hugh Danecourt's love, she would relinquish it, and it was hard, cruelly hard to do so. But her strength was failing her; her cheeks and lips were bloodless when she raised her eyes and turned them slowly upon Anne; her heart was beating with faint, uneven throbs; her eyes were dim.

"You have conquered," she said, in the low, hollow tones of exhaustion. "I will give him up! You will believe that I love him when I say that from to-day he shall be nothing to me! No—do not thank me; that, at least, I cannot bear. It is for his sake that I give him up! For his sake I will put away all that makes life precious! For his sake I will spend the short remainder of my life, which he might have made so happy and blessed, alone and unloved!"

"Cecil!" Anne Danecourt exclaimed, rising to her feet, with a flash of great joy lighting her eyes, "Cecil, you are——"

But a gesture from Cecil silenced her.

"Spare me your thanks," she said hoarsely. "I have told you that it is not for your sake but for his! It is because I feel in my heart—what I have always felt—that it would be a wrong to bring him down to my level, and that he himself, generous as he is, might resent that wrong! If I had not felt that, no power on earth would have parted us; but," her voice sank to softest tenderness, "I love him, and because I love him——"

Her voice died away on her white lips, from which, although they moved, no words issued; her face was ashy pale in the bright morning light.

"I know you do it for his sake," Miss Danecourt said tremulously; then going to her side, with a sudden impulse of tenderness and pity for the delicate young creature to whom life had been so hard, and fate so cruel, she tried to take her hands. "You are a noble woman, Cecil," she said warmly, "and——"

"Do not touch me!" she said with sudden passion, "I cannot bear it! You cannot expect me to kiss the executioner's hand yet! By-and-by, perhaps, I may be thankful that you have saved me from committing a cruel wrong, but not now—not yet."

Miss Danecourt drew back, her face flushed with a sudden warmth; she was angry yet grieved at the bitter words which poor Cecil's pain forced from her. The girl took no heed of the gesture.

"What do you wish me to do?" she said, in a dull, muffled voice. "How am I to tell him? How am I to send him away?"

"You will not see him again," Anne said gently.

"Not see him again?" Cecil repeated faintly. "I must see him once."

"It will be so painful to you and to him."

"But never to see him again?" the girl said wildly. "Oh, I cannot!—I cannot! It will be cruel to us both! I must see him once."

"If you see him again your strength may fail you," Anne Danecourt said sorrowfully.

"My love will not," Cecil answered, with a sudden, swift, desolate smile, which seemed to light up and intensify the anguish of her face. "Oh, Anne, I am giving up all! Let me at least have the bitter sweetness of looking my last upon him. Ah," she cried bitterly, "you have never loved—you do not know what you are asking me to do."

"I know that you are very noble—that your sacrifice is a very great one, Cecil," Miss Danecourt answered unsteadily.

"I wonder if you do know how great?" Cecil murmured. "I think if you did——"

She paused pressing her hand to her heart as if a sudden pain there had taken away her breath; but when Miss Danecourt approached her she waved her back.

"I am not ill," she said; "there is nothing the matter, only—only what excuse am I to give him for breaking off our engagement? He will not accept the true one."

"Say that you do not love him, that you have been mistaken," Miss Danecourt said, in a troubled voice.

The swift, bitter, little smile touched Cecil's lips again for a moment, then faded, leaving her face corpse-like in its pallor, but not corpse-like in its anguish, since there was nothing there of the beautiful serenity which comes when Death's fingers have rested on the suffering brow.

"He would not believe me," Cecil answered slowly. "It would be useless."

And Anne, looking at her, acknowledged in her heart that Hugh would not easily believe her words if they were contradicted by that look in her eyes.

"Yet I promise you that he shall be nothing to me," Cecil went on, after a minute's pause. "You need not fear. I know that it must be so when my eyes rested on your face a while since. I knew it in my heart before then. You need not fear," she repeated, with inexpressible sadness in her beautiful eyes and broken voice. "You need have no doubt of me. I will give him up! I will give him up!"

With the words, her strength, which had been failing her, seemed to give way; she sank down heavily in the nearest chair, her lips white, her form trembling. Miss Danecourt went hurriedly towards her, but Cecil waved her back.

"I am not ill," she said hurriedly, "I am not ill! It seems a little hard at first,

but I know it will be for the best. I am not brave enough not to see him again, but it will be for the last time! I have promised you, and I will keep my word. I have been false enough, I will be true now."

"Cecil"—Miss Danecourt's voice was shaking with intense feeling—"I think you are the noblest woman under Heaven!"

"And yet," the girl said gently, yet with a bitterness she could not repress—"not noble enough to be——"

She could not complete her sentence; the words with which she should have finished it were so pregnant with meaning, and had once, for a brief space, been so full of joy for her.

Now "Hugh's wife" could only mean some happier woman, who would, in the time to come, when she, Cecil, should be forgotten, lie upon his heart and share his life, and make him happy, as she herself would have done had she been worthy.

As the gently spoken words, so full of an irrepressible pain, fell upon her ears, for the first time Anne Danecourt hesitated, stuck with a sense of doubt as to the justice and wisdom of what she had done. Were the Danecourts not of high position enough to bear the stain of one alliance which brought them no honor?

In herself Cecil was beautiful enough and good enough, notwithstanding her one act of deception, to wed the highest in the land, and she would give Hugh a great happiness.

Just for one brief moment Hugh's sister, who loved him and was a good woman herself, hesitated as to the righteousness, even the wisdom of the sacrifice she had pleaded for; then old traditions conquered, pride of race and of name returned in fuller force, and she told herself she had done wisely.

Yet, looking at the beautiful death-like face of the girl her brother loved so tenderly, her heart smote her with a sense of bitter pain, and almost involuntarily she said, with a humility unusual in proud, stately Anne Danecourt—

"Cecil, forgive me!"

Cecil looked at her with a faint, sad smile, which had no longer any touch of bitterness in it.

"For what?" she asked gently. "For being truer to him than I have been? Do I need do anything but thank you for that, Nannie?"

The gentle tone, the gentle words broke down Miss Danecourt's composure; she burst into tears. Cecil looked at her with wistful eyes.

"If I could cry like that," she said piteously. "If I could cry like that! My eyes burn so!"

She rose as she spoke, and went slowly to the window, supporting herself as she went by the chairs on her way. The sun was shining brightly, with a radiance which seemed to mock her anguish, the girl thought. She turned away with a shudder, and put her little trembling fingers to her eyes with a gesture infinitely pathetic, then, in the same unsteady manner, she walked to the couch and dropped heavily upon it.

"Will you leave me now?" she said quietly; "I should like to be alone."

It was an instinct like that of a wounded animal, who creeps away to die unseen, which prompted the words. She yearned to be alone, to suffer alone by herself and unseen.

Anne Danecourt respected the appeal; she went over to the couch, and bending her head, touched Cecil's brow with her lips, then turned and slowly left her alone—alone with the cruellest anguish a woman's heart could know, that of knowing that her love for him and his love for her had blighted the future of the man for whom she would so willingly have laid down her life.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE summer day was dying when Sir Hugh Danecourt returned to the Hall, but its last hours were as beautiful as its life had been. The sun had set behind the western hills, and the glory of gold and crimson and orange which it had left behind it was fading also into a faint, bright radiance which lingered in the evening sky.

Sir Hugh, glancing over at it as he drove from the station as rapidly as the fastest horse in his stables could take him, thought it was a fair omen, and felt glad the eventide was so fair.

He had been closely occupied with the business all day which had required his presence, business of a not pleasant kind as it chanced, and he was weary enough as he drove homeward through the soft summer air.

He was anxious, too, about Cecil, anxious lest she should imagine that the business had been merely an excuse for time and solitude to meditate on the wrong she had done him, anxious also lest by chance her delicate health had suffered from the agitation and distress of the previous day, anxious to see her again, to let his eyes dwell upon her loveliness, and to hear the pretty, pathetic voice which was so sweet to his ears. His poor, pretty, sorrowful Cecil. How hard he would try to make up to her in the future for all she had suffered in the past.

All day long the thought of her had been present with him; her sweet, pale face, so full of wistful yearning and sadness, had come between him and his lawyer's grave countenance, and her gray eyes, with their long dark lashes, had seemed to look at him with the agony of entreaty which he had read there so often.

Her story, that terrible sad story which he could not think of with anything like calmness yet, had obtruded itself upon his thoughts, and made him give but a very divided attention to his lawyer's explanations and Mr. Ware's arguments. He was longing to be free to go back to her, to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears, and force her to believe that there was happiness in store for her in the near future.

Away from her, too, her story seemed even sadder and more terrible than it did when he was with her. The thought of that trial was hateful to him; that anyone, no matter how strong their proofs, could be mad enough to imagine that Cecil could be guilty of so foul a deed seemed to him incredible.

The poor, friendless child, left alone to bear so great an ordeal—no wonder her health and mind gave way. The only wonder was that it had not killed her, that she had ever left that hospital alive.

There was no shadow of blame against her, in his mind, for her deception. It seemed but natural that she should try to forget, to put away from her all thought of the past.

There was surely no obligation upon her to tell her story to people who did not know it, and who would in all probability believe her guilty, yet in his inmost heart Sir Hugh felt that had he known it, it was just possible that he should not have allowed himself to love Cecil as he did. He would have been glad that no stain rested upon the woman whom he was going to put in his mother's place—that her name had been stainless and honored in the eyes of the world. To him himself there was no stain upon her; she was pure and true as one of his own sisters, and she should be, ere many weeks had passed, his loved and honored wife. And if in the years to come his friends and neighbors should learn the truth and know her story and look coldly on her and upon him for her sake, his love should make up to her for it, and never for a moment should she feel that he regretted his choice.

There was no one to be seen at the windows, or in the carefully kept grounds of the Gate House, as he passed on his way to the Hall.

A few days since he would not have passed the house, but would have alighted and asked Mrs. Geith to excuse his travel-stained attire and give him some dinner, but now he was keenly alive to the thought that no respect could be too great to pay the sisters—that they might be so sensitive to affront now that their story was known—that even so trifling a familiarity might be construed into disrespect; and he drove by with a wistful look at the windows.

But his impatience to see Cecil was too great to allow him to make his usual evening toilet, or even to spend a few minutes with his sisters and his guest in the drawing-room.

He changed his clothes for a somewhat picturesque brown velvet suit which Cecil liked, and hastily snatching some refreshment, but utterly refusing the offer of dinner which his old butler pressed upon him, he left the Hall and walked swiftly through the quiet evening to the Gate House, eager as any boyish lover could have been to see the object of his love.

The hall door of the pretty house was, as usual, open to the soft air; the flowers in the quaint old bowls were fresh and sweet; all looked quiet and peaceful as usual, and there was nothing to tell of the agony which one poor heart-broken woman had endured within the walls of the old Gate House.

Sir Hugh did not ring, he passed in at the open door, and put his hat upon the hall table. As he did so one of the many doors leading into the hall opened quietly, and Laura Geith, looking pale and wan, came slowly out. Her sad dark eyes brightened a little as they rested on Hugh, and she went to meet him with outstretched hands.

"I have been expecting you," she said, in a somewhat unsteady voice, a faint smile curving her mouth. "I have been wondering why you did not come to my poor Cecil."

"Did Cecil not tell you?" he asked, in some surprise, holding her hand in his strong clasp and looking at her kindly. "I wrote to her this morning to say that I should not be here before evening, as business had taken me to Carlingford. Did she not tell you?" he repeated. "Was she expecting me also?"

"I do not know," Mrs. Geith said sadly. "I have hardly seen her to-day. All the day long she has been shut up in her own room; she would not let me in, and this evening she came down and went out into the grounds alone, looking more dead than alive, poor child!"

"Has anything happened to distress her?" Sir Hugh asked anxiously. "I mean anything new? Last night when I left her she seemed happy, did she not? Has she seen anyone?"

"No, I think not," Mrs. Geith answered. "Hugh, are you sure you have said naught to hurt her? she is so sensitive and—and she loves you so dearly. You were very gentle with her?"

"Had I not loved her, I could have been nothing but gentle to her," the young man said, his voice very earnest, and very tender in its earnestness. "But, loving her as I do, my one thought since I know her story has been, how to make up for all she has suffered. I think," his voice was a little unsteady now, "that if possible I have loved her more since I have known her suffering."

"You are generous," Mrs. Geith replied warmly. "Heaven bless you for your generosity, Hugh!" she went on earnestly. "I know we have sinned against you, but the sin was involuntarily at first, and we, especially my poor Cecil, have repented that sin."

"Cecil and I have agreed to forget it," he said gently. "You and I will also make that agreement. Let us bury the past and think only of the future."

"Ah, how well you love her!" Laura exclaimed, her eyes full of tears which were not of sorrow. "How well you love her! I need not tell you," she went on earnestly, "that she is entirely innocent of—yes, I know that you believe in her guiltlessness, but you do not know all she suffered. I only know it from the words she spoke in her delirium when I found her—my poor child!—in the hospital ward, unconscious of everything, even of the brand of Cain stamped upon her brow?"

"How could you let her marry him?" Sir Hugh exclaimed involuntarily. "He could never have loved her."

"He loved her in his way," Laura said unsteadily. "It was not your way truly, but still he loved her. But she was so young, so young that she did not know how to treat him, and she was afraid. She has told me since, that many and many a time she had been tempted to put an end to her life, and that when he took her away to that lonely house among the hills, there were times when she feared that she was going mad—when it seemed as if the hills were all closing around her, shutting her in, in some great darkness from which she would never emerge. In her illness she would often cry out that the hills were crushing her."

"Poor child! It was enough to make her desperate," Sir Hugh said hoarsely. "No wonder that those who knew the facts thought it had done so."

"No one knew the facts," Mrs. Geith said quickly. "There was no one to tell them. Cecil's brain was turned with the shock. She was never able to say anything in her own defence, or give any instructions. One or two of the servants tried to show that she was gentle and incapable of such a deed, but she herself was never able to tell them whether she was innocent or guilty. They found her on the morning he died," she continued brokenly, "wandering about the grounds in the rain and storm, drenched to the skin, and from that time until her acquittal she was almost entirely silent, volunteering no statement, but just answering questions in monosyllables or not answering them at all. If the counsel engaged by Mr. Bevan to defend her had not been very clever, and, I believe, himself convinced of her innocence, although your friend Mr. Arnold was not, she would not have been acquitted."

"Was no one ever suspected?" Sir Hugh asked in a low voice.

"No one, I believe; the matter has dropped completely," Mrs. Geith replied sadly. "We never had courage to reopen it. When I first came back and found my sister"—she shuddered and turned very pale—"there, in such a condition, I almost went mad, too. It seemed as if I must force them to do justice to her, to declare her innocent, not to blight her future by such a cruel verdict; but there, beside her sick bed, which was so nearly her bed of death, all other thought but pity for her fell away from me. If I could win her back to health and peace again, that would content me, I thought; and I was rich, I could do all for her that love and money could do."

Sir Hugh bent over the little trembling hand and kissed it.

"Heaven bless you for being so true and good to her!" he said huskily. "But for you, what would have become of her? The poor, innocent child! An outcast at the world's mercy, and we know what that is. What dolts and madmen they must have been," he continued with sudden passion, "to misjudge her thus! What motive could she have had strong enough to urge her to such a desperate deed?"

"His death gave her freedom and wealth," answered Mrs. Geith slowly; "in the eyes of many that would be sufficient to prompt a hundred crimes."

"Wealth?" Sir Hugh repeated, drawing slightly back. "Wealth?"

"Yes; by his will she inherited everything; all his great wealth and estates are hers; but," she added, drawing herself up haughtily, "if we were starving we should not touch one penny of that money!"

The heavy cloud which had darkened Sir Hugh's face cleared.

"I am glad of that," he said briefly. "I could not have borne that she should do so. Shall I go to her now?" he added abruptly. "Can she see me?"

"She is out in the grounds, as I told you," Mrs. Geith answered. "Will you go to her, and do not let her stay out very long, lest the evening should be chill. She has eaten nothing to-day," she added. "Perhaps you will be able to induce her to come in and have something. I am afraid she will make herself ill."

Sir Hugh nodded with a slight smile; he knew his power over her, and was ready to use it, for her benefit, he thought. He took up his hat and went towards the door; Mrs. Geith followed him, her face pale and moved in the waning light, and as he reached the door, she put out her little tremulous fingers upon his arm.

"You will be gentle with her? You will be gentle?" she said unsteadily. "She has suffered so terribly."

Sir Hugh's face softened into an expression of deepest tenderness.

"I love her," he said simply. "I love her, Laura."

A few murmured words of thanks and blessing broke from her lips as she turned back into the house, and slightly disturbed by her manner, Sir Hugh went out into the quiet evening to find his sweetheart. The golden light yet lingered faintly in the west, but the shades of evening were gathering heavily over the Gate House, and the fair summer night was nigh at hand.

CHAPTER XXX.

HE found her in the little glade in the wood, where they had spent many a happy hour listening to the babble of the rippling brook; where they had passed indeed the last happy hour they would ever spend together.

Then the July sun had been high in Heaven, and its bright rays had poured through the trees and lighted the gold of Cecil's hair; now all was gray and dusky, and full of shadow, and soon, summer though it was, it would be dark.

Then the leafy trees had been full of the song and music of the birds, now the only sound breaking the silence was the ripple of the water over the stones.

She was lying face downwards upon the soft, green sward, her arms, partly bare, as the loose sleeves of her gown had fallen back from them, were thrown out before her in an attitude mutely eloquent of despair, the white folds of her dress gleamed faintly in the shadowy recesses of the woods, and her little hands had closed upon the grasses and moss within their reach with a convulsive clasp.

As his eyes rested upon her Hugh Danecourt felt a strange, choking sensation in his throat and involuntarily he clenched his hands in passionate anger at, and rebellion against, her cruel fate; then with infinite tenderness of gesture and look, he stooped over her and lifted her from the ground to the close and tender shelter of his arms.

Cecil made no resistance; she seemed quite passive and, perhaps, unconscious of his touch and presence until he uttered her name, then a long shudder shook the slen-

der, drooping form within his arms.

"Is it you?" she whispered softly, lifting her dim eyes to his face. "You have been long in coming, Hugh."

"Has the time seemed long to you?" he queried softly putting her loosened hair back from her forehead and gazing with tender anxiety into the wan, altered face. "I came as soon as I could, my darling. You were alone here, dear were you?"

"Alone!" She looked up at him in a strange, startled manner. "Did you meet anyone, Hugh?"

"No, dear; but I thought I heard voices as I came through the trees. It must have been fancy, for the sound seemed to cease as I got nearer. Were you talking to yourself, Cecil?" he added playfully.

"Perhaps," she replied, letting her head fall forward on her breast in utter weariness. "You see, there is no one but me here now."

"Do I count for nothing?" he queried, smiling and trying to speak lightly. "Dear, how pale and cold you are! Let me take you back to the house."

"No; oh, no! I feel stifling in the house," Cecil said quickly. "I cannot breathe there; let us stay here, unless—unless it will be cold for you," she added.

"For me?" Sir Hugh said smiling. "For me and not for you, in this thin gown? But I think we may linger here for a little while, Cecil, without suffering much inconvenience from the cold.

"It is mild, is it not?" she said dreamily. "We can linger a little while, I think. You can spare me a few moments, can you not, Hugh?"

"I am going to stay with you until you or Laura turn me out," he replied lightly. "What have you been doing all day, Cecil? Not fretting, I hope; you promised me that you would be happy to-day."

"Did I?" she said wistfully, then forcing herself to speak lightly, she went on: "Women never keep their promises, you know. Have you forgotten that women vary?"

"Some women, perhaps," Sir Hugh replied tenderly; "but not you, Cecil."

"Ah, don't be too sure. For instance, I think I promised to be your little wife, did not I?"

"My own little wife!"

"And—and I shall never be that, dear Hugh!"

"Won't you?" he queried, still lightly, although he was as pale as herself now. "*Nous verrons.*"

"Yes, we shall see," she answered unsteadily; then as she stood with his arms about her, she put her two little trembling hands upon his breast, and looked up at him with an agony of renunciation and woe in her sweet eyes. "Hugh," she said timidly, "will you listen to me?"

"Will I? Most gladly, dear! There is no sweeter music than your voice in the world for me."

"Ah," with a pallid little smile, "what a pretty speech! What a gallant courtier you would make, Hugh."

"At least, I should be most loyal to my queen," he replied tenderly.

"And she, your queen—ah! what a shabby copy of a queen!—would be true to you, Hugh."

"I know she would, my dearest," he answered fondly. "I trust you as I love you with all my heart!"

"Even now?" she exclaimed wistfully.

"Never more fully than now," he replied steadily.

Her eyes had been upraised to his, but now they sank; a slow, dull tinge of red rose in her wan cheek; her lips quivered. There was a moment's silence ere she spoke again, in a very grave and earnest voice.

"Then I will strive to justify your trust," she said. "Your nobility will shame my baseness! Nay, I do not mean to hurt or vex you, dear."

"And yet you do so, Cecil."

"Do I? Forgive me, Hugh," she said gently; then, with a desperate courage, she went on hurriedly: "You asked me a few minutes since, what I had been doing to-day; now, let me tell you."

She sank down rather heavily on the trunk of a fallen tree, over which the soft green moss had grown, and Sir Hugh laid down upon the sward at her feet, taking her hands in his, and looking upward into her fair, pale face; she turned her eyes from his with a little gesture of pain.

"I have been alone and quiet all—nearly all this long summer day," she said softly, "and solitude gives time for thought, you know. I have been thinking—thinking deeply about our talk last night, Hugh, and all my thought has ended in the same conclusion."

Sir Hugh's face darkened a little; he began to understand what was coming; his hands tightened over hers.

"Well," he said somewhat coldly, "and that conclusion is—?"

"That we must part," she said in a low, firm voice, her eyes carefully avoiding his face, her heart throbbing to suffocation under her loose, white gown.

Sir Hugh said nothing; he had known before she spoke what she was going to say, but he knew that he was the stronger, that her poor little arguments must be powerless before his resolution.

Cecil glanced at him timidly, but she could read nothing on his calm, proud face.

"All must be over between you and me," the poor girl went on, faltering a little. "It is not fitting that honor should mate with dishonor, Hugh. You are quite free; I give you back your promise."

"But I do not take it," he said quietly and coldly.

"But you must," she said passionately. "You must. I have had time to consider now, and I have determined our paths in the future must lie very far apart—our lives cannot be passed together."

"Only one path lies before us," he said firmly. "We will tread it together, Cecil. Our lives will be passed side by side in truest love and loyalty."

"I should not love you as I do if I let you have your way," she said tremulously. "Yesterday I yielded to you because I had not thought, because I did not remember all that such yielding meant. I was confused and startled, but even in my confusion I felt that I was not worthy to be your wife. I felt it dimly and vaguely then, I feel it keenly now. You, too, Hugh, if you had had time to think, would be as sure of this as I am!"

He did not try to interrupt her, he listened to the broken, faltering words in silence, but his mouth was firmly set under his fair moustache, and there was a stern expression in the depths of his blue eyes.

Cecil put out her little trembling hand and touched him timidly.

"You will give me back my promise," she said gently, "and you will take back your own. I am not worthy; even—even—even if my past did not hold this terrible secret I should not have been worthy to share your love; but as it is I dare not link my stained name with yours and bring disgrace upon it."

Still was he silent, still did he apparently give no heed to the broken words or the timid touch of her little, trembling hand. His coldness and his silence increased her agitation.

"You know by what cruel name the world calls me," she went on piteously. "The very mention of it would make you shudder, Hugh. Could you bear to think of it being applied to your wife? Could you bear that it should be so? Could you?"

"No," he said quietly, but without relaxing the sternness of his features. "No."

"And you are right," she answered steadily, although the word so curtly and coldly uttered struck upon her heart like a blow. "Nor could I bear it, Hugh. Therefore, I say to you that we must part—I set you free."

"You are very good," Sir Hugh answered sarcastically; "but I again refuse to accept your gift of freedom."

"You must accept it!" she said passionately. "It is the only atonement I can make for the wrong I have done you! And how poor a one it is, I know but too well."

In spite of all her efforts her self-control was failing her now; her lips were quivering, her eyes dim with great, unshed tears; her little fingers were tightly clasped as they lay upon her knee.

"Have you said your say?" Sir Hugh asked quietly, after a momentary pause. "You asked me to listen to you, and I have listened—have not I? Without any interruption and with patience. It is my turn to speak now."

She looked at him with a quick, startled glance; this tone of his is new to her, she has never head it in his voice before, never heard so strange a mixture of authority and tenderness. He turned slightly toward her in the failing light, and put his hands over hers.

"I have listened to you, Cecil," he said gently, "now it is your turn to hear me. It is no use re-opening this most painful subject. That your story was a shock to me, I will not try to disguise from you, since I know it would be useless, but it has in no wise changed or lessened my love for you. You are still the only woman in all the world whom I love, whom I shall ever love well enough to make my wife. No other could take your place in my heart, no other could give me the happiness I look forward to in the future; and,"—he paused for a second and then went on firmly—"I will not give you up."

She had taken her hands from his and covered her face with them, the tears were trickling through the slender fingers as he went on, very gently, yet quite as firmly as before.

"If you think you have wronged me, Cecil, you must remember that no wrong you could do me would be so great as this which you meditate. Do you want me to suffer all my life? Do you want me never to know peace or happiness again? If such is your desire you have only to persist in this, your new and most unaccountable resolution; you have but to jilt me, as you suggest, and you will obtain it."

He put up his hands now and drew her fingers away from her face, looking with tenderest love into those sweet, drowned eyes.

"Is that your wish, my darling?" he said, with tenderest reproach and love. "Do you wish to break my heart, and make me wretched for all my life to come? Does it seem an easy thing to you, Cecil, to root up out of your heart your love for me? Is there no pain to you in this desertion of me? Ah, forgive me, love—I know there is—I know that you have not strength to carry out this most cruel suggestion!"

He has caught her in his arms now, and holds her close to his throbbing heart, as well as mine! You shall not do this cruel thing, my Cecil. I have your promise—I will not set you free; you are mine, and I will hold you thus against the world. And who is the stronger of us two, sweet?" he added, with a soft little laugh, "you or me? I will not let you go!"

"You must," she said, through her sobs, "Hugh, you must give me up. Oh, think what I am!—think of your stainless name—think of the disgrace which would cling to you—the scorn the world would cast upon you!"

"I care for neither, dear," he answered her quietly. "My own darling, you are worth it. Even if the whole world turned their backs upon me I should not care if only my wife's eyes met mine with love and faith. Is not my love sufficient unto you? I need nothing but yours to make me happy."

"You think so know," she whispered with white lips.

"I know it," he answered tenderly. "Cecil, if you persist, I shall know that you have never loved me."

"You think that?" she said faintly. "You think that I do not love you?"

"I shall think so, if you talk to me thus."

"Then I will be silent," she murmured tremulously; then, with a sudden passion, she lifted her white arms and clasped them about his throat. "Don't say that!" she exclaimed, with feverish intensity, "don't say that, Hugh. Tell me that you know I love you, that you do not doubt my love, that whatever happens you will never doubt it!"

"My darling," he whispered fondly.

"Indeed—indeed I love you," she went on wildly. "And never—never—never so dearly as now. Oh, Hugh, say you believe me, that you are sure, that whatever happens, I love you, and shall always love you."

"Whatever happens, dear," he repeated, peering into her eyes in the gathering darkness. "Why do you talk so strangely? Fate has done its worst for us, and in the future we can only have happiness to make up for this."

"You think so?" she whispered. "I pray that it may be so, dear."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WALKING STICKS.—To break off a branch for defensive purposes, as Crusoe did on finding himself on an unknown island, would be one of the first acts of primitive man. A rude support of this kind would soon be followed by the pilgrim's staff, familiar to us in the pictures of the patriarchs; and from these early staves down to the gold-headed cane of our modern dandy, what a variety of walking sticks have been produced, according to the fashion and fancy of the time. When, in 1791, footmen attending gentleman were forbidden to carry swords, those quarrelsome weapons were usually replaced by a porter's staff with a large silver handle, as it was then described. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords and to carry large oak sticks, with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon. Before very long a competition arose between long and short walking sticks; some gentlemen liked them as long as leaping poles, while others preferred a yard of varnished scraped taper, bound at one end with wax taper and tipped at the other with ivory.

Bric-a-Brac.

HAWK AND GUINEA.—One of the queerest facts in natural history has been discovered by a clergyman of Richmond, who gives it to the world in his religious journal as follows: "When a sparrow-hawk pounces upon a guinea fowl he lets the guinea fly, but the hawk, sitting on the back of the fowl, uses his own tail to guide the guinea. He always steers his victim to his nest in the forest."

A TALE OF A LOST RING.—In the year 1382, as Mr. Anderson, a merchant and alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in England, was leaning over the bridge in that place and handling his ring, it fell into the river. Some time afterwards his servant bought in the market a salmon, in which, on being cut open, the lost ring was found, and it was thus most unexpectedly restored to its owner.

THE GREAT INVENTIONS.—The fifteen great American inventions of world-wide adoption are: 1, the cotton-gin; 2, the planing-machine; 3, the grass mower and reaper; 4, the rotary printing press; 5, navigation by steam; 6, the hot-air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8 the India rubber industry; 9, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand-blast for carving; 11, the guage lathe; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice-making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; 15, the telephone.

CROW'S FOOT.—One implement of war of which the British soldier is not proud, and will never use except under the extremity of self-preservation, is the "crow's foot." It is not exhibited in any of the military museums, and it may be described as four spikes set upon the centre, one of these spikes, however the vicious thing may fall, pointing upwards. Scattered about the ground these iron thorns would terrible torment horses and badly-shod men, and without being specially requisitioned, they are always sent out in barrels as part of the war material.

A SIAMESE BANQUET—Among many curious customs peculiar to Siam none is more remarkable than that which prescribes that when a banquet is given, not merely the menu, but a fac-simile of the various plats themselves is to be previously submitted to the King. A few weeks ago a new hotel was opened at Bangkok, and the occasion was celebrated by a sumptuous banquet. A Bangkok paper, recording this event, adds that "according to the old Siamese custom on an opening day, his Majesty the King received some three days before the banquet a fac-simile of the dinner served that evening. It consisted of eighteen dishes, which were all sealed up and despatched to the palace by an official who came down to take charge of them."

THE FOX'S CUNNING.—The cunning of foxes has an illustration in the practice of one which is said to have been observed by all the men about a stable-yard in which he was kept in London. When fed, he throws scraps of food as nearly as possible about the spots to which the limits of his chain enables him to reach, then retires to his kennel, and does not go to sleep, but shirks, in all appearance, in profound slumber. The fowls come presently pecking about, and some appetising morsels lie on the ground just, as it seems, out of their enemy's range. He is, as they suppose from his looks, in a condition of slumber, and so, gaining confidence, an incautious fowl is tempted. Then, with a spring, out bounds Mr. Fox, there is a despairing cluck, and he returns to his kennel with chicken for supper.

MUMBO JUMBO.—Among the Mandingoes of Africa, Mumbo Jumbo is called forth to frighten the refractory wife into submission. This demon form, assumed either by the husband himself or some one instructed by him, gives notice of his approach from the neighboring woods, near sunset by the most frightful yells. At dark the men go out to meet him. He has a rod in his hand, a hideous mask on his head, and is fantastically decorated with the bark of trees. He is conducted to the village where all the married women are assembled. The ceremonies commence. Songs and dances continue till a late hour. Mumbo Jumbo himself sings a song peculiar to the occasion. Then the women are required to arrange themselves in a circle. After a long pause and profound silence, Mumbo points out those that have been disobedient to their husbands, or have otherwise behaved improperly, and they are immediately seized, stripped, tied to a post, and severely beaten with Mumbo's rod, amid the shouts and deridings of the whole assembly.

"THAT DAY."

BY A. T. R.

Ah, love! do you remember?—sweet old phrase,
For twilight hours, and fire-enlightened gloom,
That seem to people all the shaded room
With forms and faces from a long dead past;
And through all, like the key-note of some tune,
Come back the dreams of one fair day in June!

Dear love! don't you remember how the moss
Curled golden green about our shaded seat?
How ferns and flowers clustered at your feet?
How rang the birds' full-throated melody?
That peaceful, lovely, perfect summer noon,
Whence dates our lives; for we loved first in June.

Ah, love! do you remember?—filling eyes
With joyful tears; yet since that sweet day died,
Many and bitter are the tears you've cried,
Many the furrows on your dear white brow!
Yet in mine arms, I cannot deem that soon
Faded the radiance of that day in June.

Nay, 'tis not faded, darling; but 'tis strange
How all our loving cannot banish death!
We were so young then; now the winter's breath
Survels and pinches where the blood once coursed,
Leaping with rapture; o'er the fire we croon,
And scarce believe that once we loved in June!

Dear love, always remember; years pass on,
Mingle with dust, and leave but little mark;
The light burns lower, nearer comes the dark.
Yet 'twill not matter, if still lives our love,
E'en in the night our lives shall have their moon—
The fair remembrance of that day in June!

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.—[CONTINUED.]

MARION Eversleigh, in prayer, still knelt with her face hidden. The old Squire was still prattling and shedding senile tears and drying them now and then in senile fashion, there in the chintz-covered arm-chair where we had at first set him down by Daryl's pillows, when the door of the room was once more noiselessly opened, and Mrs. Jessamy said softly—

"Mr. Leigh Eversleigh."

He came straight to the bed-head and bent over Daryl.

"Thank Heaven, dear old fellow, I'm not too late!"

A last flicker of strength stirred the pulses of Daryl Darkwood.

He stared rather wildly upward into Leigh's compassionate eyes, and said very hoarsely—

"Leigh! . . . You, old man, is it? Always a good friend to both of us . . . our best friend. Take care of my poor wife, I have not treated her well, I know . . . . I loved her, though—I loved her. And—and, Leigh, you will help her, won't you, all you can?"

"I will—Heaven hear me! Daryl, listen," he said, with an emotion he tried in vain to control—"that same Heaven who now hears us, around whose bright Throne I hope and pray from the bottom of my heart that we all of us shall one day meet again, but never then, old fellow, to be again parted—has been more merciful than you can guess. Daryl, it was Flower Eversleigh, your own cousin, whom you found at Moor Edge—the long-lost, long-mourned Flower Eversleigh, not Flower Creedy, whom you took from that evil abode and made your wife before the registrar at Northminster. Consequently your grandfather, Daryl—dear old fellow, hear me!—is her grandfather. Your aunt, the Squire's daughter Marion, who now is kneeling here, praying for you in this room, is none other than her own mother—do you understand me?—verily her own mother. Time, Daryl, has righted a great and cruel wrong; and Flower Eversleigh—Flower Darkwood—is at last restored to her own people. After long years she is beneath the roof of her old home again—at Redknights at last!"

"Heaven is good," was all Daryl said; and that was his last breath.

A long-drawn sigh, as from one who is very weary and is falling asleep; a smile of bright joy breaking over his now tranquil features; a scarcely perceptible quivering of the long eyelashes—and Daryl, with his dark head lying heavily upon my bosom, was dead!

* * * * * *

Some one most lovingly was guiding my blind footsteps away from that chamber of death.

Upon the threshold of it, going out, I paused instinctively, slipping downward for support against the firm arm behind me.

My strength was all spent; I could no longer stand alone.

"I have known it—I have felt that it was true," I murmured. "Oh, my beloved mother!"

"My own child—my own sweet daughter!" answered the dear voice, as though speaking afar off in some blissful dream-land.

Ah, were we among the living, or among departed souls? Were we indeed upon earth, or were we together in heaven?

It was I who sank senseless into my mother's arms. She, in her great love, after all, was the stronger of the two.

* * * * * *

Some few hours later—I think it was about sunset-time—the old Squire was missing and could not be found.

He had cunningly contrived to give Buckle the slip—and his rooms were empty! Consternation seized the household.

They searched for him everywhere in vain. The humbler domestics were awe-stricken—scared; the presence of death in the great still house had already robbed them of audible speech.

They crept upon tip-toe; they spoke with bated breath.

At length Mrs. Jessamy, in confidence with Buckle, started. A thought occurred to her; and she said—

"We shall find him in—in that room. Come!"

And the faithful dame was right.

For there, safe enough, they discovered the aged Squire, crouching all alone by the bedside and holding fast the hand of his dead grandson within his own.

And when they reverently parted those two dead hands a small slip of tinted paper fell rustling lightly from between them.

At a glance they saw it was a cheque.

The writing upon it was barely legible, being the thin quavering scrawl of the poor old Squire himself.

Everything was duly filled in—everything, that is, save the amount to be cashed; and that had been generously left to Daryl Darkwood's pen.

So the old man had stolen back to that quiet room—once more, in this touching fashion, to tell Daryl that he was really forgiven.

CHAPTER XLVII.

IT will be fine to-morrow; we shall have good weather for our journey, Flower," said my mother, as she stood in the dusk at a window of the white drawing-room, gazing rather anxiously upon the fast-darkening landscape. "The wind has got round to the north-west, and the few stars I can see over the river yonder are coming out beautifully clear."

I joined my mother at the firelit window and looked out too.

We stood there together, in our heavy mourning garments, and with our arms about each other's waists, more indeed like two most intimate friends—between whom there can never come a shadow, never be the ghost of a secret—than mother and daughter.

But then the boundless love between us was in reality no ordinary love. We are in truth dear friends, as well as parent and child.

"The weather shall not hinder us, my mother, since it is your wish to go," I answered; adding, with a tender playfulness which did but veil the deeper feeling in my soul, "Henceforward, in storm or sunshine, in winter or in summer, I shall always be with you to take care of you, dear, come what may!"

"My Flower, my own darling!" she murmured passionately; and in silence she laid her head upon my shoulder.

"Heaven is good!"

Those had been Daryl's last words upon earth.

Never, never more, I had vowed, should they slip from my memory. They were engraven now upon my heart.

Every hour of our life, my mother and I, did we humbly thank Heaven that we both of us been spared, so mercifully spared, again to meet each other upon this side of the grave.

It might have been cruelly otherwise—one might have been taken, the other left—but it was not so.

After long and fateful years, years of separation and of suffering—we had lived to meet and to be together again upon this fair earth below.

And, when things go well with us in this world, what is there in it sweeter than life? In that one most beautiful word "Life" are not all possibilities comprised?

It was November; and more than three weeks had gone by since we had put our dead out of sight.

That had indeed been a gloomy day for Redknights—our burying-day—on which the ancient mausoleum, all weather-stained and lichen-gown, in Hazel churchyard had been opened to receive the mortal remains of old Squire Darkwood and his grandson Daryl.

Yes; it was a sad and gloomy time—a time of mourning, of genuine sorrow; but Leigh Eversleigh, who had stayed on at Redknights until after the funeral, had been to us—to my mother and me—in fact, to the whole bewildered household—as a veritable tower of strength.

What we should have done without him at this dark and difficult time I do not know—it were hard to say!

But, the funeral over, he left us and went back to London.

No persuasion on our part would induce him to stop longer with us down in Buckinghamshire; nor had we seen aught of him since.

However, on the morrow we should again see him; for my mother and I would be leaving Redknights in the early morning, and Leigh Eversleigh had promised to meet us in town at King's Cross Station, in order to accompany us upon our northern journey.

For we were going to Stonyhampton!

* * * * * *

The old Squire in his time had made many wills—many and various—but nothing of its kind could well be either shorter or plainer than that last one of all which he had left behind him.

It had been drawn up and dated by his own solicitors in Holborn immediately after the memorable day—now seven or eight years gone by—when he had occurred that last bitter quarrel between grandfather and grandson, and when Daryl Darkwood, proud, defiant, and reckless, had quitted Redknights, never, as both the old man and the young man then believed, to re-enter the doors which had been shut against him.

In old Squire Darkwood's brief last will everything he possessed in the world, both money and land, with the exception of the handsome legacies which he bequeathed to all the old Redknights servants—so that the patient and much-enduring Buckle had at length reaped the reward he honestly merited—had been left, saddled by no irritating condition whatever, to his daughter, Marion Eversleigh. Not once in the document was the name of Daryl Darkwood mentioned. Therefore, as the old Squire had been an exceedingly wealthy man, and a thrifty one into the bargain, my mother, as sole inheritor—or sole inheritrix, as the lawyers called it—now that her father was dead had become an extraordinarily rich woman.

"For your sake, my child, I rejoice," she said, straining me to her bosom—"hardly for my own; why should I? My own fortune is ample—I had more than enough for myself before. Frequently has your grandfather, when perchance he was more than usually infirm and querulous, threatened to leave the whole of the Redknights property to some renowned London hospital, or to bequeath it for the building and support of one upon a vast scale in his own county. Yet in those days, whenever I chanced to hear him say this, I used not to mind. Did it in the least matter what became of Redknights and its wealth, since Daryl, the rightful heir was to have none of it? No, I said wearily, it does not signify. I myself was ill—in all likelihood might even die before my father—I had so little to live for. Let it all go! But now—ah, now everything is changed. Everything is so different, so wondrously different from what it was! I have found you, my darling, whom, in this world at any rate, I never thought to look upon again; and, therefore, unspeakably do I rejoice, Flower, to think that it lies within my power to make you very rich."

"One can be happy, dear mother, without being rich," said I, smiling.

Long and earnest were the talks we had together, she and I, in those first sweet sad days of our extraordinary reunion.

Naturally, the very curious history of my past life—the romance of my earlier youth, my strange marriage with Daryl, and my wonderful return to the old home—had spread throughout the length and breadth of Buckinghamshire, had gone, like the proverbial wild-fire, to the north, the south, the east, and the west of the county; and from all quarters did our neighbors come flocking, calling at Redknights with congratulations and condolences in the same breath.

Nearly all of them, I suppose, could remember Daryl Darkwood and his wild youth distinctly enough; though I fancy but few of them of late years had seen anything of the old Squire himself.

Nevertheless my mother and I were at present in no mood for callers or ordinary visitors of any denomination, and we shut ourselves up resolutely from this kindly-meant invasion; and so the people left their cards in shoals at the great entrance-door of Redknights—some of them bearing sympathetic messages scribbled in pencil—and drove away in their comfortable family chariots, doubtless not a little disappointed at the result of the errand upon which they had set out.

To such old neighbors and friends of the family however as the Gavestons of Gaveston Priory, or the Hursts of Hazel Manor-house, we sent down Mrs. Jessamy for a few minutes' chat; and then be sure she told them all they wanted to know.

Mrs. Jessamy now declared that, everything considered, she was not in the least astonished at much that had come to pass; and she had always seen "a something" in my face, said she, which had reminded her of the late Captain Eversleigh.

Of course I told my beloved mother everything I could recollect that related to my strange past—beginning with my earliest reminiscences of horrible Moor Edge, where Daryl Darkwood had first met me and had christened me "Periwinkle," and ending with an account of my warm friendship for Viscount and Lady Tracy.

"Their kindnesses to me have been manifold," I said earnestly; "and soon, I hope, dear mother, you will see them and like them too—they are so good and true."

Of course also I had written to Aurora and had given her a full narration of the remarkable events which had been happening amongst us at Redknights; but as yet I had received no reply to that lengthy epistle.

Quite recently the Traceys had altered their winter plans.

They had left Tangier and had gone to Madeira; for the Viscountess's health at this time was in a somewhat critical condition, and a celebrated English physician whom they knew at Gibraltar had strongly recommended Madeira for the winter.

Nor did I forget to tell my mother about Mrs. Ramage, Mrs. Sadler, odious Mr. Binkworthy and his variety theatre, and old Mr. Jones, who, when he lived in the attics in Bentham street, had been so kind and tender to my little dead Isis.

We were going to call upon Mrs. Ramage and also upon Mrs. Sadler, as soon as we could conveniently arrange a visit to them; for both had been good to me, each in her way, and for that my mother wanted to thank them both.

More particularly was she anxious to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Ramage, as she, at a certain house in the Vincent Road, Hoxton, had once known the infamous Giles Hardman and his companion and victim, Rachel Owen—years ago my mother's guilty maid. But the pair called themselves "Wilson" in those days.

Any person with whom I had in any manner been associated, any spot on earth with which I was in the least degree familiar, now for my dear mother possessed the liveliest interest.

In short, she wanted to see everything and everybody, to know everything and everybody, that had in any wise been mixed up with my past life; and so I need hardly mention that we were shortly to make a pilgrimage to Arley Bridge—to Arley churchyard—there to view the little mossed grave, with its pure white cross—Lelah Eversleigh's white cross—where Isis slept beneath the yews.

But first of all, before aught else was done, my mother had determined to see with her own eyes, if possible, Stonyhampton and Moor Edge, to speak with her own tongue, if possible, with Simon Creedy and his sister Hannah.

She could not rest till she had done this she declared almost sternly; and I caught myself marvelling at her resolute mien, her new-born energy.

Could this forsooth be the invalid Marion Eversleigh, shadow-like, fragile, nervous, hysterical, of a few short months before? Happiness, hope, something to love passionately and to live for, will as often as not accomplish miracles where the wisest of physicians may lamentably fail.

"My darling," said my mother, late on that night before the day of our northern journey, "you have those two papers that Leigh gave us safely, I hope, under lock and key?"

Yes; I assured her they were perfectly safe, locked away in my desk upstairs.

"We take them with us, mind—those papers—to-morrow, Flower," she whispered as she kissed me. Slowly and solemnly the clocks struck midnight. "I mean to leave them with me at—at Moor Edge," she said.

Christmas we were to spend quietly at Redknights. Afterwards, for a year's thorough change, we were going abroad.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AT ten o'clock on the following morning Leigh Eversleigh met my mother and me at the great busy terminus at King's Cross.

A fast train for the North left the station punctually at ten minutes past the hour.

I noticed—it was not, though, for the first time—that Mrs. Eversleigh looked thinner, altogether more worn and spare than he used to look; positively the crow's-feet were coming about his eyes, and here and there I thought that I could discern a silver thread amongst his cropped fair hair.

Of course it may have been sheer fancy on my part—it is in the nature of women to be tactful, perhaps absurdly so sometimes—any way, I found myself deciding that his trip across the Atlantic and his peregrinations in the Far West had by no means apparently proved so beneficial to him as they ought to have done.

Kind, courteous, genial as ever, he still was not—emphatically not—once more I could not mark the fact—the Leigh Eversleigh we had known in the old Thanksto days, the Leigh Eversleigh who had been so good to Isis and to me.

Should I, I caught myself wondering, with something that was akin to a sensation of cold disappointment and chagrin, ever again see and know that same dear friend?

It was a long and a fatiguing journey; and, for myself, I spoke but little from the beginning to the end of it, though my thoughts were active enough.

It was a strange weird journey, too, certainly a curious one, that upon which we were bent on that dull November day.

Thanks to some quiet arrangement which Leigh, before our appearance upon the platform, had effected with the guard, we had a compartment to ourselves; and he and my mother, as the train sped northward, seemed to be finding a great deal to say to each other.

She always had liked this kinsman of hers, or rather of my late father's; now she loved him. In all things whatsoever—in difficulties, in perplexities, I mean, whether great or small—she looked up to, trusted to Leigh Eversleigh.

Hereafter she would adopt his counsel before that of any one else. There was no one—no man—now in my mother's eyes like Leigh Eversleigh; and surely it was no wonder.

Darkness had fallen when we arrived at Stonyhampton; but Mr. Eversleigh, ever chivalrous and considerate where women and their comfort are concerned, had on the previous day telegraphed to the landlord of the "Raven," at which hostelry—a somewhat homely but an exceedingly clean and comfortable withal, and, moreover, the best to be met with in Stonyhampton—we were that night to dine and sleep; so that on our arrival at the straggling, draughty, northern station, we found a funny old fly there awaiting our pleasure. Strongly did it smell of damp hay and horse-cloths; and it jolted us abominably as it carried us to the "Raven."

At the hotel itself, however, everything, we discovered, was delightfully warm and cozy; a nice middle-aged chambermaid; a capital little dinner; and there were sheets in the beds, which had been especially prepared for us, that were redolent of rose-leaf-and-lavender bags.

Slight marvel is it, I think, if on that night I dreamed that I was back again at Moor Edge, walking over the moorland with Hannah Creedy and her basket, to do our marketing in Stonyhampton—stared at, pointed at by the townsfolk and the corner-idlers, as if we were queer foreigners or people from a play-acting booth.

After breakfast next morning the stuffy old fly was again at our command, and in it

we drove off to Moor Edge.

How the fat landlord and his comely wife must together have wondered what we could possibly want at the Creedy's lonely dwelling!

The flyman, I have no doubt, wondered also.

It was with relief that I perceived that no one at the "Raven" recognized in the tall grave slender woman, in her heavy mourning-robes and widow's headgear, the shy young friendless girl of the moorland who had once dwelt beneath the Creedy's roof.

The morning mists lay low over the wide moor, and veiled the dim distance that spread around it.

No note of bird, no sound of life, no echo of any kind in the gray air awoke the bleak silence of those high and barren solitudes.

The sterile desolation, the utter loneliness of the spot in winter, must always, I fancy, seem appalling to a stranger accustomed to more southern and sheltered scenery. On that day it was a landscape the raw misty gray chill of which went straight to one's very marrow.

"What a dreary place!" remarked my mother, with a shudder.

"At this time of the year, yes," I said absently; "but in the fresh early spring or in the middle of summer its isolation is beautiful."

"It does not seem possible, dear—I cannot imagine it," gently replied my mother.

How far her could Moor Edge ever appear lovely? At all seasons alike it must be horrible—horrible, and nothing short of it!

On our way over the rugged moorland we jogged past the ancient farmhouse called Garlands-on-the-Moor; but no face appeared either at door or at window, though smoke was issuing sluggishly from one or two of the squat brick chimneys.

Mr. Eversleigh informed us—so he had learned on his previous visit to Stonyhampton—that the people of the name of Acre had gone away from the neighborhood, and that strangers now lived at Garlands-on-the-Moor.

My hand sought my mother's and held it close.

"That," I whispered, "is where Daryl lodged."

Scarcely had we left Garlands behind us when our rickety vehicle lurched, jerked, almost stopped, and then went on again.

"Come up, you brute, will you?" shouted the driver in his own northern tongue. "An if, now, you'd never seen that old scarecrow before!"

"The horse, I fancy, shied at something," Leigh observed; and I put my head out of the window to see what the something might be.

I quickly drew it in again—my face, I could feel, was burning from chin to brow.

Sitting half asleep upon a hillock by the wayside, his back against a convenient milestone, and a short black pipe between his coarse stubbly lips—with a pedlar's pack at his feet, and an aged one-eyed mongrel of the "ratter" breed keeping guard over the pack, was a very dirty-looking old male figure that I instantly recognized.

The lappets of a cap fashioned out of rabbit-skins were tied over his ears; a foul red worsted comforter, in many a twist, adorned his lean throat.

It was old Wyse the Wanderer; and the aged mongrel watching the pack must be Jack Sprat's mother of course! Poor Jack Sprat!

Yes, sure enough, it was none other than old Wyse, the vagabond pedlar, whom once upon a time I had actually suffered to "tell me my fortune."

What a simpleton I was! What rubbish had it all been, that 'fortune' which had cost me a good half-crown!

The dark man, the fair man, the shadow, the sunshine, and all the rest of the familiar nonsense! And yet——

At that moment I somehow become conscious that Leigh Eversleigh was watching me from the opposite seat of the fly, with something peculiarly like a smile in his frank clear eyes.

Was he wondering within himself at the expression which my features were just then wearing, trying perhaps to guess what it meant—what was passing through my mind? Impossible to say.

My crape veil was up at the time; so as carelessly as I could I let it down over my face.

At last we came to Moor Edge. Our carriage stopped at the garden gate. How well I remembered the low gray-stone house, with its deep-set casements and sun-blistered green front-door!

There was the flat unlovely garden, with its lavender bushes, its herb-beds, and its army of withered cabbage-stumps.

There upon the south side of the garden were the spreading cobnut-tree, beneath the brown boughs of which I had buried Jack Sprat.

But the "broken sheds look'd sad and strange:" the house-leek and other sturdy lichens flourished upon the shattered tiles of them.

Not a solitary fowl was to be seen in the yard through the bars of the hingeless yard gate—no pig, no cow, no sign whatever of animal life—nothing but a manure-heap steaming in the raw air, with a pond of ugly black water in its immediate vicinity.

The aspect of that low gray-stone house upon the moorland was wholly and inexpressibly desolate and forlorn.

There was about it a haunted, a blighted, an awfully empty look, as an old forsaken house will look sometimes when rumor whispers that murder has been done within it.

And once it had been my home—I had called it home! Could it be possible? Well, it did not seem so now.

"From what I could learn when I was last here—from the people, that is, at Garlands-on-the-Moor," I heard Mr. Eversleigh telling my mother, as we all three went up to the weedy garden path, the carriage meanwhile waiting for us at the gate—"things of late years have gone ill with the man and woman at Moor Edge. They lead a most unhappy life. Neither of them is ever really sober; the whole place, as you perceive, is in a most miserable plight—everything about it, in fact, has gone to rack and ruin."

"Whatever of misfortune has befallen them, they deserve it," answered my mother very sternly. "It is their just punishment."

No grain of compassion could my mother find in her bosom either for Simon Creedy or for his sister Hannah. They were inhuman wretches, fiends.

No fate upon earth, Marion Eversleigh thought and said, could be too hard or too bitter for them.

We knocked three times, but no soul appeared.

Therefore, growing impatient, and finding the door unlocked, we marched unbidden into the house.

The dark passage smelt close, suffocating, unwholesome, as though the fresh sweet outer air was never, even through a keyhole, suffered to enter it; and so we were glad to hurry on to the airier kitchen-part, which, as I so well recollected, was at the end of the entrance-passage.

Dirt, dust, cobwebs were everywhere. Cleanliness and Moor Edge must for long have been strangers to each other.

Deaf old Sally the cat was nowhere visible; I suppose she was dead.

With knees and chin together, over a handful of fire in the kitchen grate, we saw a woman crouched—a skinny, poorly-clad, unhappy-looking creature, with a knitted pink wrapper, faded and grimy as of yore, clinging about her bony shoulders.

There was the hateful odor of some cheap spirit—whiskey, I think it was—heavy upon the close atmosphere of the room; and, shuddering, faint, disgusted, I halted upon the threshold and could go no farther.

But my mother and Mr. Eversleigh went on undaunted; though it was not until they were close beside her that Hannah Creedy looked up and noticed them.

She was too stupid, too drowsy to be astonished; she merely said, in a thick, nasal, sing-song tone—

"Who are you? What do you want here? Go away—go away, I say! I had the jumps all night long, and couldn't sleep a wink for 'em. I want to be left alone—go away!"

Her eyelids dropped again; her head jerked downward. Mr. Eversleigh put his hand upon her shoulder and gave her a little shake.

Hannah Creedy clutched at her pink wrapper.

"Don't!" she cried sharply. "Go away!"

"We do not intend to trouble you many minutes—pray do not fear," put in my mother lolly. "Where is your brother, Simon Creedy?"

With considerable difficulty Mr. Eversleigh made Simon Creedy's sister Hannah comprehend what it was that my mother wished to know, three times well-nigh shouting to her—

"Where, we ask, is your brother, Simon Creedy?"

I felt thankful, as I stood recoiling there in the dark unwholesome passage, that Hannah Creedy was too foolish, too muddled, to recognize me in the least.

After all, it were infinitely better—could it be anyhow managed—that neither she nor her brother should be made aware that I, Flower Darkwood, was once more, and for the last time in my life, please Heaven, within the gruesome walls of Moor Edge. For myself, at any rate, such recognition was by no means desirable.

"I don't know where Simon is," Hannah muttered at last. "I have not set eyes on him to-day, and don't want to."

"Is he at home," inquired Leigh; "or—or is he away on business? Tell us that, if you please."

"He was at home last night," Hannah answered limply. "Haven't seen him since, nor don't want to," she muttered again. "Ugh!"

"Never mind," impatiently put in my mother. "Believe me, save for one purpose, for one determination, I have no desire whatever either to see or to speak to your brother. I have no doubt that you will do as well; for of course you, having lived here with him all your life, know as much as he does of the cruel, the infamous business which has brought me hither to-day. I would have you punished in a manner proportionate to your offence, if my friend Mr. Leigh Eversleigh had not promised you otherwise—trust me, I would! If it were possible so to do, you should be made to suffer as I have suffered for so many long and melancholy years."

Hannah Creedy glanced upward at Leigh Eversleigh—a sulky oblique glance from her half-closed drowsy eyes.

"Yes, you've been to see us before, and not so very long ago neither—I remember you now," said she. "You came here and got those papers out o' Simon; but you promised we shouldn't be punished—yes, you did."

"And the promise will be kept," observed Leigh quietly.

"Not that anybody could punish me," muttered Hannah half angrily, once more with spasmodic clutch saving the dingy pink wrapper from slipping off her narrow shoulders; "for I never did anything; it was Simon. I only hold my tongue; and it was he who made me hold it. I never smuggled the child here, never wanted her here, though I liked her well enough so long as she stopped here. She ran away of her own accord—we didn't drive her. And I'm sure I never was unkind to her. I don't know whether she's alive or dead, and, what's more, I don't care a farden; but, if she was alive and standing there with you, she couldn't say say as I was ever unkind to her. If she did, it would be a lie. Are you her mother?" asked Hannah Creedy, with a sudden gleam of curiosity, accompanied by another sullen upward glance at her unwelcome visitors.

"I am," was Marion Eversleigh's quick stern reply. "Listen, woman! I have traveled many miles to find this horrible place, to hear either you or your brother, Simon Creedy, swear to me that every line written upon these two papers is true. I shall not be satisfied until I have heard you do this. Afterwards I shall require something else of you; it is mine, not yours, and you will have to give it up."

For rejoinder Hannah Creedy simply grunted.

My brave mother, still standing before the hearth-place—she declined to sit, although Mr. Eversleigh had dusted and had brought to her a wooden arm-chair—forthwith opened a small seal-skin hand-bag from which she took two folded papers, one of them tolerably clean and new-looking, the other much soiled and faded with age. She read the soiled one first.

"Are you listening?" sharply cried my mother.

And the lean woman, crouching witch-like over the rusty kitchen-grate, grunted again for reply.

This is how the first paper ran—it was blotted and ill-spelt; that, however, is a detail.

"——GAOL, 18—

"DEAR COUSIN SIMON:—You, I suppose, will be the last man I shall look upon in this world; your hand—so they tell me—will be the last to touch mine in this world: and so, as this must be, and as we are cousins into the bargain—though for a goodish number of years now, cousin Simon, you and I have lost sight of each other—I want you to help me like, I mean to help me to make up for something wrong I've done. I don't care to die—and some I know would perhaps say I was a coward—some old pals, I mean, as I used to know—to be sent to eternity with this black thing upon my soul. As soon as I am dead you must make it right; and then it is more likely that, in spite of my crimes, I shall rest in the grave they are digging for me. I wouldn't trouble you in the affair if I liked and trusted the parson—chaplain they call him—in this prison. But I don't. What's more, Simon, I don't believe in parsons of any sort; I don't trust 'em—I never did. Underneath their black clothes they are just like other men—often a lot worse. They have to appear better than most folk; that's what 'tis; or there would be no room for 'em, no call for 'em, at all in the world. You see they must live, like other men, after all. No—no black-coated hypocrite for me, however smooth his tongue may be. Simon, man, I'll trust you first.

"Here is what I want to say.

"At No. 117, St. Vincent Road, Hoxton, you'll find a little girl, not much more than a baby. She's known there as 'Flower Wilson:' and all the people at No. 117 believed she belongs to poor Rachel and me. It's false, though; she never did belong to us. Her right and lawful name is Eversleigh; and she is the only child of a lady that lives with the Squire, her father, at a great house down in Buckinghamshire called Rockknights. The Squire was once upon a time my master: and the gentlefolk down there at the great house are quite persuaded that the little child I speak of is dead—never you mind why.

"Simon, now that it's come to the last, I want to do what is right. So, when I am dead, you go straight to the address I have given you here on this paper, and get the baby away from the neighbors at No. 117—it's no fit house for the likes of her; she was bred to something very different. In any way you think proper, send the little one back to her own kinsfolk at Rockknights, and say that with his last breath Giles Hardman hoped that they would forgive him for the wrong he had done them, and for the sorrow he had brought upon the family. Add, if you like, that he freely confessed his guilt right through, and was, moreover, truly sorry for his sins.

"I can't say more—can I?—and what I've said I mean.

"I know that you will take my hand, cousin, on the last morning which is now so very near; and into your hand, when the time comes, I shall slip this letter of mine. Take care of it—and don't forget. I want to rest in my grave. Good-bye, Simon. I am not afraid. And may the Lord have mercy on my soul!

"GILES HARDMAN."

My mother refolded the faded paper and carefully replaced it in her bag.

"Swear to me, Hannah Creedy," she said distinctly, "that every word of that written confession is true."

The skinny huddled-up figure, plucking at its frowsy pink wrapper, required another slight shake from Leigh before it would reply.

"Every word of it's true," snapped Hannah Creedy then, with shut eyes. "I swear it. I have heard Simon himself say so a hundred times at least."

"Very good. Now for the other," my mother said, in the same dispassionate icy tone in which, so far, she had spoken throughout the interview. "Don't go to sleep, but attend to me."

"I'm not asleep. I am attending," grumbled Simon Creedy's sister. "Get on—make haste—I want to be alone!"

"And we want to be gone," rejoined my mother dryly. "Now then for this one, which is your brother's statement. Are you listening?"

"Oh, bother! Haven't I said so?"

Condescending to no further parley, my mother unfolded the second and cleaner-looking paper. Unlike the other, it was neatly and legibly written, in a hand almost like that of a careful, conscientious schoolboy; and it read as follows—

MOOR EDGE, 24th October, 18—

"A gentleman, Mr. Leigh Eversleigh by name, has on this day come to my sister Hannah and me, and says that he will have from us the truth—as far as we can tell it—concerning our share in the hiding from the world of Miss Flower Eversleigh, for many years known hereabout as our niece, Flower Creedy. There is not much to tell.

"It is now getting on for five-and-twenty years since I hanged my cousin Giles Hardman for the murder of a woman he lived with called Rachel Owen. With this, my own confession of evil-doing, I will seal up that of Giles Hardman. He tells his own story, and helps the telling of mine as well. When he had ceased to live, I did as he had begged me in his letter. I went straightway to the address mentioned—No. 117, St. Vincent Road, Hoxton—and found the little child he spoke of being taken care of there by the neighbors. But they were all alike in that house—very poor; they could ill afford to keep her without payment, and naturally they were glad to learn that some one had come to claim her.

"Before I saw her I did honestly mean to do what was right, in the best and the quickest way I could—that is, I intended without delay to carry out my cousin Giles Hardman's wishes. Yes; before I saw the child, I honestly meant to put right what Hardman and the woman had set all wrong. But when for the first time I saw the little baby-girl, with her pretty dark clustering curls, her sweet innocent dark-blue eyes, and her pretty timid baby-ways—well, then it was the demon himself who stunk up behind me, whispered to me as only he can whisper, tempted me as only he can tempt a man; and I—I listened to him, wavered, in the end yielded; and it was all over with my good resolution!

"She was such a beautiful innocent little soul, and I was such a miserable solitary man, a lonely outcast shunned by my fellow-men, and with no living near to me upon this wide earth save my sister Hannah, who lived with me at Moor Edge.

"I coveted the child—coveted her for my own—coveted her more eagerly than words can explain. Why shouldn't I have her? Her own people at the great house away down in Buckinghamshire believed that she was dead—they would never know that in reality it was not so; nor would Giles Hardman himself ever know that I had failed to carry out that last dying wish of his. Or, even supposing that in another world Hardman could know of it, he was powerless to come back to reproach me, to trouble me in any way. Ghosts never yet hurt a man. I, at any rate, was never afraid of ghosts—which may seem odd.

"Briefly, then, I told the neighbors who'd got her that I was the little one's uncle, that I had come to fetch her away to my home in the North, and that I was going to adopt her, and she was to be thenceforward as my own child. Whether they believed me or not I don't know. But they willingly gave up to me the few little things which belonged to her; and I took the child home with me to Moor Edge. And from that day forward to the day on which she fled with the young man who had guessed or discovered something of the truth, and who made her his wife, she was known as my niece and called Flower Creedy.

"I have not much more to add.

"So long as I could keep my stolen treasure with me, I did my duty to her, at least so far as it lay within my power to do it—Heaven knows I did my best! I educated her as as well as I could. I kept all dark and terrible knowledge from her as well as I could. She never dreamed of the secret of Moor Edge until the young man she fled with opened her eyes.

"When I lost her, I was stunned—broken-hearted. I've been going down-hill ever since. With her—for me—went all joy and sunshine in life. I was a lonely and an unhappy wretch once more—a hundred times lonelier, a hundred times unhappier, than I was in the days before I found her!

"That is all I need write.

"I have felt that the truth would one day have to be told; and I have told it now. "SIMON CREEDY."

With a resolute snap my mother closed her bag.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ACCORDING to the novel computation of a German biologist, who has been calculating the aggregate cell forces of the human brain, the cerebral mass is composed of at least 300,000,000 of nerve cells, each an independent body, organism, and microscopic brain, so far as concerns its vital relation to the function of the organ; each living a separate life individually, though socially subject to a higher law of function. The life term of a nerve-cell he estimates to be about sixty days; so that 5,000,000 die every day, about 200,000 every hour, and nearly 3500 every minute, to be succeeded by an equal number of their progeny; whilst once in every sixty days a man has a totally new brain.

THE WIFE'S PLAINT.

BY ANNIE JAMES.

The flowers that bloomed so fresh and fair,
And looked so gay,
Are not one half so beautiful,
Now he's away.

The sweet glad songs among the trees
That used to ring,
Now he is gone have lost their tone—
The birds don't sing.

The sun sets sooner, and the rain
Falls all the day;
I don't know why—perhaps because
My love's away!

From The Grave.

BY G. W. HOLMES.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

CARRIE lifted her head; the sunlight was in her gray eyes and on her pale, fair hair; she looked demure, gay, important—a hundred fascinating things at the same time.

"Oh, I am so busy, you see," she said; "I am the second hostess, I assure you! Everything is going beautifully, don't you think? But it was really too ambitious attempting those open-air quartets—unaccompanied too!—especially as the alto can't read a note and 'follows me,' as she says. Bad accompanists are so fond of telling one that! 'Sing on,' they always say, 'and I'll follow you;' which is precisely what they should not do."

Captain Dawson thought he sympathized with them, adding below his breath:

"I should like to follow you too—to the world's end!"

If Carrie heard the murmured words she chose to ignore them, and they walked on silently for a while, till she asked:

"How did the first quartet go? Our tenor—that nice, young Curate—is particularly good, don't you think?"

"I am no judge," said Captain Dawson, who disliked "nice young Curates;" "but I thought the tune and the words very charming."

"Such quaint words they were!" said Carrie. "I never knew such a matter-of-fact love song.

"They were excellent sentiments," said Captain Dawson with mock gravity.

"The last verse was just a spark more natural, don't you think?"—and she chanted a line from it: "'So she be but somewhat young!'—that is quite indispensable, of course!"

"Quite—as far as I am concerned," he replied laughing. "I wonder," he began again, rather stiffly, "whether a young lady would demand that attribute if she were to write on that subject?"

There was a little awkward pause, and then Carrie said softly:

"Oh, no, no. A man's age has nothing to do with it."

And Captain Dawson appeared to be satisfied with the lucid remark.

They had left the shrubbery, and now, passing through a long kitchen-garden, they came to a drying-green on the side of a little slope, below which the stables ran—a picturesque group of buildings with ivied walls and red gabled roofs.

The noise of the grooms unharnessing their masters' horses, wheeling the various carriages into rows along the stable-yard, and throwing great buckets of water over some tired animal that had already done more than its days' work in coming to the Lodge, came pleasantly up the slope, while shrieks of delight were heard from a distant field, whither Lady Welwourne's children had drawn some of the guests for cricket, bowls and "Aunt Sally."

Captain Dawson and Carrie stood still a moment to listen and look, when a wagonette loaded with ladies in dingy dust-cloaks and driven by an ancient coachman with a very long gray beard rolled into the yard.

They had come an immense distance, and the patting and pulling of skirts and bonnets that Captain Dawson and Carrie witnessed from their vantage post above lasted fully ten minutes.

Captain Dawson remarked that even he had not yet sounded the depths of feminine vanity!

It was not till Carrie had seen the ladies march up to the back door, with one accord, that she tired of watching them, and Captain Dawson was already half way down the slope when she hurried after him.

Unfortunately for Carrie, the slope was very steep and the burnt grass very slippery—and the inevitable result followed. She fell, without hurting herself, but the spotless white frock was hopelessly streaked with green.

"My clean frock!" lamented Carrie, springing up before Captain Dawson could reach her. "My only white frock—as green as those frights' dresses down there! What is to be done?"

"It's not much," he said soothingly, "it'll come out, won't it? Don't laugh; I know all about it, I assure you! I am so fond of white dresses for young girls. If they only knew how becoming they are, they would wear them oftener, instead of ——" he stopped, shuddering.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Carrie crossly, "you think you know all about ladies' dress of course——" (she was a tidy little body, and the mishap to her gown had upset her unduly). "What a misfortune it will really be for your wife if you ever marry!"

Ere the words were fully uttered, she regretted them.

A change seemed to have come over the scene, and the clear air had become difficult to breathe.

She asked herself: "Had the crisis come which she had desired for weeks past, and now knew that she dreaded?"

Perhaps not. At any rate she was determined to brave out her words, and although her heart was beating violently, she turned and looked him defiantly in the face.

He was perfectly white, even to the lips, and he lifted his hand to his heart, pressing it with a strange and painful gesture.

But his soft brown eyes were sparkling with a new light, and they met hers with a long, deep look of passionate devotion that told Carrie in its own words all his love and longing for her.

She would have rushed away had she dared, but he had hold of her two hands now, his face was touching hers, his quivering voice whispered quick, broken words: "Carrie—dear, dear Carrie—it rests with you—if I ever marry; Carrie, you know that I love you!—from the first—for ever ——"

What more was he going to say, and what fearful spell chained her senses, and constrained her to listen, passive and silent?

Oh, Justice! What is this? He holds her hands, his face and hers are near each other's, his eyes are speaking love, immortal devotion!

And yet it is only a picture—a faded photograph done by an unskilled hand—nothing more!

It has no place in reality now—the picture never belonged to her—the face there is not even hers!

And yet, Carrie looks up—it is his face that is there—the same face that is near hers now. Near hers! Captain Dawson and Carrie hand in hand—just those two in all the world!

* * * * * *

She had drawn away from him, and, standing thus apart with eyes fixed on the ground, she spoke in a very low, desperate tone:

"Captain Dawson, you have no right to say this to me, and I will not listen to it. I know——"

She was struck suddenly silent, and shame and self-reproach overwhelmed her.

Had she courage to sweep aside the veil which separated her from his sight? the veil which pride, deceit, love had woven these past weeks?

It clung so closely to her now, would not her very heart-strings be torn out with it?

Would he suffer? she asked herself. No, not as she must suffer, possibly not at all.

She burst out passionately, incoherently—

"You have no heart—no pity, and I who know it, oh, how I blame myself for what I have done! Yes, it is true that I wished you to love me, that I worked for that, from the moment I first saw you; but all the time I was despising myself, and then—somehow—I could not draw back, even if I had wished! If I were to dare to listen to you now, do you know what would haunt me in my stolen happiness to my dying hour? Do you know what haunts me now? . . . Can I forget her tears, her sad, sad face, her broken life, which your injustice spoiled, your heartless caprice destroyed? And she loves you still, though you sent her off without reason—heartlessly. You would break my heart too, some day, when I had learned to love you too much to be able to bear it. And she would be avenged! It compensates for what . . . some might deem very hard to give up . . . . She is avenged—and I——" the glittering tears fell from her eyes.

"And who made you her avenging angel?" he asked in a strange, stifled whisper.

All the light was quenched out of his eyes, and his face had put on a fearful whiteness.

"Do you know," he whispered, "that—but why reproach you? Carrie, this love of mine for you has nearly cost me my life, but"—he waved her to silence—"but—before we say good-bye, I want just to ask you a question about that—that wretched story you have heard, and—and I pray you listen."

He stopped; he was very breathless, almost gasping.

"It is all true," he went on presently; "but I cannot, I will not explain it, even to you. I have sworn a solemn silence, and I shall not break it now. I wonder why she told you. Did she know you were coming here? Did she?"

Carrie's eyes answered "Yes," and he continued in a quick, vehement tone:

"She told you, of course, that five years ago we were engaged for—let me see, a fortnight, I think. Then the engagement was broken off by me—not the usual way to do it, was it? All true, perfectly true. But—this is my question, Carrie—would it not have been wiser, juster, perhaps, to me—no, leave me out altogether—wiser, wiser, Carrie, to have heard someone else's version of this story, not mine, of course, but not hers only, someone else, someone who knew?"

He drew a step nearer; the hard, cold look left his face; he gently took her little hand.

He did not kiss it, although she could not have resisted him now, but stooped and laid his cheek upon it for one moment—an action inexpressibly tender and reverential.

"You did not believe in me, Carrie," he said sadly, "and yet I have loved you truly, as I never loved before. Perhaps I deserve this, for I have trifled with love for years. But with you, never! Never for one moment, Carrie, since we met. And now good-bye. If we ever meet again——"

"No, no!" she cried, the passionate tears blinding her eyes.

He dropped her hand gently, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.

IT was about a month since Carrie and Captain Dawson had come to a full knowledge of each other, and they had not met again since that day.

Neither of them had the least idea of the fever of excitement into which the mind of the neighborhood had been thrown by their inexplicable conduct, and it was well for Carrie that no sound reached her ears of the theory originated by Mrs. Pelwyn in explanation of it.

She had spent the three remaining days of her visit at the Lodge in a state of such self-absorbed misery, that she was quite unconscious of the change which took place in Lady Welwourne's manner before she left her.

She had been inwardly very thankful that she had missed seeing Mrs. Horsley when she called, who might have used the rights of more intimate friendship to question her.

The fete had ended in a storm of rain and wind, and Carrie's red, swollen eyes, and Captain Dawson's hasty departure had been the only subject of interest left for Lady Welwourne's drenched and grumbling guests.

They drew many and varying conclusions from her conduct, for she had sung bravely and continuously till the carriages at last bore them—spoiled dresses, spoiled tempers and all—back to their homes again.

Some were loth to allow her the credit of refusing so good an offer, and gladly gave in their adherence to Mrs. Pelwyn's theory, when it turned out that her report was true, and that Captain Dawson had really left home almost immediately after the fete, for how long it was not known.

It was at the "Grand County Flower Show," two days after, that it all came out.

Captain Dawson, who had been year after year the leading spirit of the "Committee of Management," was nowhere to be seen, and his duties, so suddenly abandoned, had devolved on a highly unpopular Squire, who had "risen from the dirt," according to Mrs. Pelwyn.

The ladies of the neighborhood, finding themselves robbed (so to speak) of their lawful prey, gave all their sympathies to the despairing Committee; Carrie was dethroned forthwith, and Captain Dawson was canonised a saint and a martyr.

He had run away, poor fellow, to escape having to propose to Carrie, so ran the Pelwyn theory, by whom he had been shamefully pursued from the very first.

She was an adventuress and a flirt; and as for her beauty, a good figure was the most she could boast of, which "any housemaid could show if you put her in low neck and short sleeves," added another lady venomously.

"Poor Captain Jackdaw," said Mrs. Pelwyn, whom an indignant group surrounded; "what a merciful escape he had!"

The tears were in her eyes, and her voice trembled.

"I know those Marjoribanks, and she's one to the backbone!"

She lowered her tone:

"Sent down by the father to catch him, I suspect, an old flame of hers," indicating Mrs. Horsley's figure which stood slightly apart from the little group, "but all to no purpose. A merciful escape, by the skin of his teeth. I wonder what happened? She was in hysterics, that's all I know, for I saw it with my own eyes; and his groom told my maid that he was heard to mutter when he got into his dog-cart: 'Jackdaw's no fool!' Now make what you like of that, Lady Welwourne, but I'm not going to be infatuated like some of her friends."

Mrs. Horsley had already walked indignantly away, and Lady Welwourne, who had the chief culprit under her own roof, begged to reserve her judgment.

It was indeed well for Carrie that as she was to start early on the following morning for Scotland, she had found an excuse for staying away from the Flower Show. She had spent the last three days in restless longing for some sign from Harelands, half hoping, half fearing what every sound on the avenue might bring to her.

Sometimes it was a servant with the post-bag, which surely held a packet addressed to her in Captain Dawson's beautiful handwriting; or else it was a horse's quick trot that sent her flying to the window to peep out behind the curtain.

But there was never that letter for Carrie, nor did her eyes light on the gray horse with Captain Dawson on its back.

When Lady Welwourne had driven off to the Flower Show, Carrie finished up her packing quickly, and set off for a walk, she knew not where.

But her heart guided her feet. Mechanically she took the short cut which led, after a mile or more through the lanes, to Captain Dawson's deer-park, and then stealing through the gates she made for a spot whence a good view of the house could be seen through the trees.

Her thoughts were so full of him, and her longing to see him again was so unspeakably deep, that she felt had he been near he must have come to her.

For he loved her, and his heart could not but have echoed to this great wish of hers.

But he did not come; and her eyes fell on the long row of windows above the terrace, each one shut and blind-shrouded. He was gone then: it had been a true farewell!

The desertion and the stillness of the scene seemed to penetrate her soul with the chill of winter and of death.

He was gone, Lady Welwourne repeated an hour later.

"Could Carrie account for this strangely sudden departure?" she wondered.

The Magnate thirsted for information to be poured into her ear alone in this romantic twilight hour.

Her allegiance to Carrie hung on the reply which Carrie could not frame. She had no sort of answer ready, but turned such a blank and ghastly smile on Lady Welwourne's sight, that the Magnate "drew in her horns" at once, to speak metaphorically, and she gave in her adherence to the Pelwyn theory on the first occasion that offered.

Looking back upon the weeks that followed, Carrie told herself that nothing had happened since those three days after the fete.

Since then, all the time of her visit to her cousins in Scotland, she had lived and moved in a kind of dreamless sleep, and she was only awaking from it now that the night train, carrying her back to England, gradually quickened pace, while the station lights twinkled fainter and fainter in the distance, till no sign of Edinburg remained.

Her uncle, who had seen her off at ten o'clock, had made things as comfortable for her as possible.

She had a reserved carriage, a reading-lamp, wraps and provisions, and, at the last moment, he had thrust in through the window a package of papers and magazines, recommending as a sure agent for immediate sleep the recent parliamentary debate.

Carrie put the papers away in her bag, and wrapping herself round in a large plaid, she settled herself in a corner with her feet up on the opposite seat, and closed her eyes.

She was not sleeping, but thinking, first of home and home-life, its endless worries, its thankless tasks, its few pleasures.

This home-life was to begin again almost directly the train stopped; and already she was preparing the cheerful little speeches she had always at her command for her mother's numberless grievances, or her father's vain regrets.

Yet Carrie was not sighing at the dreary prospect, nor overwhelmed by its near approach.

Something whispered of a coming change, a new life, and Hope had unfolded her wings, and bore her to a promised land, restoring her to one she loved well, and trusted soon to meet again.

Hope offered a plausible explanation of that long month's silence, insinuating that a month was but a short time after all, and that Captain Dawson, who knew where she lived, was no doubt waiting to visit her in her own home, with her father's sanction.

Perhaps he had been there already! She lay back dreaming of the coming meeting; his words would be thus, and hers should be bold and true.

He would look surprised, then joyful—no, he would guess all ere they had pressed hands!

It was as though Carrie had exhausted her powers of suffering, and with the necessary rebound came fruitless hopes which crowded out those sorrows that had worn looks of immortality but so very long ago.

Had not her doubts and fears been foolish, ridiculous? she argued now, and had he not spoken of their meeting again?

It was nearly midnight before Carrie had tired of the subject.

She felt cold and rather sleepy, so drawing another shawl from her wraps she threw it over her feet, fixed up her little reading-lamp at the right angle, and opened her bag for the papers which were to send her to sleep.

The *Times* was at the top of the pile, and leaning back again with drowsy luxury on the soft cushions, she unfolded the sheet and ran her eye quickly down the first column.

Her thought was: How much easier it is to find names one knows in the *Standard*. She looked on, then looked back.

Her eye had been arrested by a well-known name, the name which had been on her lips a moment before—Captain John Dawson.

She sat staring at those three words for fully five minutes without attempting to read any more.

Then her heart began to thump violently in her breast, and a fearful gasping stopped her breath; she was seeing another word—other words. She knew all.

But it was so strange, so awful, that she could not realize what it all meant. She sat there with glazed eyes that stared at the sheet and saw just those words, and she read them over and over again.

It seemed that hours passed, and she was still sitting there reading them, while the train rushed on under the cold, dark sky, past the long black rows of trees that grew whiter and clearer as the night slowly lifted itself from the earth.

Now a faint tinge of pale pink was reflected on the car windows; and then Carrie lifted her head, and looked out far away to the cold, still distance.

She drew a long, shuddering breath, and laid it down on the seat opposite. Its touch was like a dead hand. . . . . Even there—on the opposite—the cruel words were turned towards her . . . the paper seemed to grow into a shape . . . it grew larger; it was a dead body and—she was traveling home with it!

A chilly faintness was creeping from it over her, and everything was slipping, slipping underneath her feet. . . .

"He is dead, dead, dead," she moaned; "and I have killed him!"

She knew nothing more after that.

* * * * * *

At eight o'clock the Scotch express arrived at King's Cross, and a tall, middle-aged man in a shabby coat came quickly along the platform, and turned to look over his shoulder at every face that passed.

He had walked several times in and out of the crowd of passengers who stopped from the train and gradually gathered round the luggage vans, but there was not one face that was familiar to him among the mass of yawning travelers, too sleepy to eye one other, and wearing the strangest assortment of head-gear, crushed into the strangest shapes, with reckless unconcern of appearances.

The crowd was melting away in cabs and omnibuses, and the ticket-collector, to whom he at last appealed, assured him that he had not noticed any such young lady as he described.

"The reserved cars are over there, sir," he added, and led the way to the back of the long, empty train; "the young lady may be asleep; it often happens."

As they passed a heap of luggage the tall man said:

"She must be here, those are her boxes I know."

The two men peeped into every first-class car window, and then the ticket-collector, who was in advance, suddenly stopped, and fitted his key to one of the car doors. As he swung it open they saw a figure lying on the floor of the car.

It was Carrie's white, senseless face that her father recognized, as he bent down and lifted her in his arms.

She lay in the same dazed, half-conscious state for two or three days after, and the doctor, who had been sent for immediately, seemed to fear that it must end in brain-fever.

Some intuitive perception of the household's character led him to forbid either her mother or her young sisters to visit Carrie's room.

He selected an old nurse to watch beside her, who had shown more distress than curiosity when the poor girl was carried upstairs.

Mrs. Marjoribanks divided her time between listening outside Carrie's room for some clue to her strange condition, and vowing that Dr. Newton should never enter her house again.

"A mother's place was by her child, the whole world knew," said she; "the nurse would tell her nothing—head turned by that stupid doctor—stuff and nonsense the whole thing! How much longer was she to be kept in the dark?" etc., etc.

Mr. Marjoribanks had enough to do to keep up as patient and cheerful a spirit as he could in this atmosphere of restless discomfort.

Carrie had always been more to him than any of the others, and he was suffering untold agony at being kept away from—from her.

On the fourth day he received a long letter from Mrs. Holland Horsley, which in a manner prepared him for what followed in the afternoon, when the doctor found Carrie much better, and she sent the nurse to fetch her father.

He came on tiptoe into the darkened room.

It had been a close, sultry day, and Carrie was sitting up in bed with the window near her wide open.

The soft air coming in gently rocked the Venetian blinds to and fro, and stirred her long fair hair that was spread out on the pillow.

"Are you better, my darling?" said her father, bending to kiss the white, sad face.

"Yes, father, quite well again."

He could not keep the anxious look of inquiry from his eyes as he sat down beside her, and Carrie saw it and tried to answer it.

"Dear father," she began hurriedly, "I sent for you because I can only tell everything to you, and, it is so dreadful. I want to know whether you think that I killed him, Captain Dawson, you know. He is dead; and I——"

She had spoken the name in a shuddering whisper, and she stopped to draw her breath more calmly. Then she went on very softly:

"Dear father, he loved me, so much, and I was very cruel, and said dreadful things to him, I don't know what. For I had been all in the wrong about him. I had got hold of a story about his having jilted another girl, she told me, and I wanted to punish him——"

She broke off, and her eyes hung eagerly on her father's listening face.

"I didn't know it would end like this, indeed I did not. Oh! don't say I killed him, so frightfully, cruelly sudden. And do you know, he said his love for me had 'nearly cost him his life!' I keep thinking of that. I had made him love me, father; just for the triumph of refusing him. Oh, how could I? And he was in earnest all the time, and I——. . . And now he is dead. Oh, father, father!"

All her love, her self-reproach and hopeless suffering, spoke in that cry, and her father's heart yearned to comfort her.

He stroked the white hand which nervously plucked at the bed-clothes, and gently said:

"No, Carrie, no, no. It was not you. I have had a long letter from Mrs. Horsley to-day, and it is all about him. Everyone down there knew that he had heart-disease, she says, except you, Carrie. Did you not see in that paper, you were clutching it when I found you in the train, that Captain Dawson died 'suddenly of heart-disease?' He had had it for years, Mrs. Horsley says; but no one spoke about it, and of course he did not know himself how ill he really was."

A little silence fell.

"I shall never see him again!" Carrie murmured, and she hid her face.

Her father understood, and his heart ached for her.

"This came for you a day or two ago," he said presently, laying a big blue envelope on the bed. "But I kept it till you were able to open and answer it yourself. Perhaps it will tell you something more about him."

It had required no little ingenuity to keep this letter from Mrs. Marjoribanks and the younger girls, who had been quite as curious to know what it contained as they were to find out what was the matter with Carrie.

She opened the packet and began to read. It was a formal letter from a complete stranger.

Captain Dawson's name was mentioned several times, and the signature belonged to a well-known legal firm.

Carrie could not at first understand what all this implied, and she searched the large envelope for something else to explain it.

There was another and much smaller envelope within it, and as Carrie drew it out her heart gave a great throb, and she turned suddenly sick and faint.

The color of the paper and a seal that was dropped just over the crest were things she had often seen before. And it was Captain Dawson's own hand that had written her name outside.

When every word of this last message had printed itself on her heart, Carrie gave her father the lawyer's letter.

He went through it without a comment or a question till he came to the postscript, which she had not seen, relating to a note addressed to Carrie, which had been found under Captain Dawson's pillow after his death.

"Did you love him, Carrie?" he asked very gently.

And she answered, "Yes, father."

"Then—then you may take what was his."

* * * * * *

But what Carrie has never shown to mortal soul are those few treasured words written by a dead hand as the from the grave.

"You could not believe that I loved you, and yet I love you, Carrie, even unto death and beyond it. I am yours, Carrie, and all that I have is yours. If you are mine, as something seems to tell me, you will accept my last act as the proof how great is my love for you. I am yours, Carrie, and I die blessed with the thought that your dear eyes will rest on this when I am gone.

JACK DAWSON."

[THE END.]

THE USE OF FLIES.

Why are flies so unpopular? That everybody dislikes them everybody knows. Luther hated them and massacred them without mercy.

He said they were "commanders of Diabolus and the ghosts of heroines," because whenever he was reading a pious book they paraded about upon it to distract his attention.

Long before Luther's time, however, they were specially affiliated upon Beelzebub, the patriarch prince of blowbottles.

The monks abominated them and said they were humoral.

Religious legends of the Talmud are to the discredit of the two winged vagabond. The Mussulman brings his slipper down on a fly "in the name of the prophet."

In hot countries special engines are prepared for their discomfiture and destruction—prodigious whisks of horsehair or yaktail, round flaps of leather attached to long handles of cane.

Sancho Panza cursed them as being enemies to sleep, and all through Southern Europe they are under the ban of universal execration.

"Fly time" is in half the world a season of terrors.

One of the plagues of Egypt was the fly. It is one of the penalties of Purgatory. All this is, of course, very much to the discredit of this small satellite of man, this important dependent of humanity.

Historically, flies are insignificant. In Philistia they had a fly god, Beelzebub. Egypt, in her ancient litanies, prayed for deliverance from them, but, judging from modern Egypt, with but scant response. Cowley, the poet, makes the mistake of thinking Aaron's plague was a miscellaneous assortment of species, mixed entomology let loose wholesale upon Pharaoh and his people.

Now Cowley, thinking to improve on the original, has destroyed the whole horror of the plague; for surely there is something positively grotesque in a various host of wasps, gad flies, hornets, dragon flies, blue-bottles, bumble bees, fire flies, mosquitoes, May flies, gnats, sand flies, tsetse and all the rest of them.

The real overwhelming, loathsome horror of the visitation was of course this, that the land of Egypt suddenly swarmed from end to end with house flies, and no others. They did not sting nor bite.

They did nothing aggressive, but simply sat in sheets, in heaps, everywhere, acres of them, square miles, crawling one over the other, ever shifting clouds, almost too thick to walk through, perpetually rising and resettling.

Who that has been in Egypt in the hot weather has not felt the fly an intolerable burden, a presence almost too nauseating for endurance? And the bazaars! Even unplagued they are a memory to shudder at.

What is that man yonder selling? As some one passes the black plaster of flies lifts heavily for an instant off the wares on his stall.

They are ruddy in color. What are they? Sweet-meats dyed with pomegranate juice? Watermelons split to show their rosy flesh? the stillest house I ever was in. The lassitude? Or meat? The seller is asleep in the corner, his clout over his head, and the flies hang in bunches from every stain on the dirty rag.

And worse, and worse, and worse is seen, till the cumulative horror would sicken the reader.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATIONS.

The history of Europe's rule for the last century is a record which must be anything but attractive to royal families. If space could be given here to the recital of all the attempts made on the lives of the sovereigns of Europe, the record would be simply appalling.

Only the more recent and important of these, covering the past third of a century, are enumerated.

There is not a royal family in Europe that has not had occasion to dread the cup of the prisoner, the bullet of the assassin, the dagger of the regicide, or the conspiracy of the gunpowder or dynamite plotter, from the time, in 1790, when Joseph II., of Austria, as is alleged, met his death by poisoning, to the day of the tragic murder of the Czar of all the Russias.

The last third of a century will afford material enough to show the character and range of these attempts. The Duke of Modena was attacked in 1848.

The year following, in June, Prince William (Emperor of Germany) was threatened at Nieder-Ingelheim. In the years 1852 and 1853, respectively, Queen Victoria and Napoleon III. were attacked.

The Duke of Parma was fatally stabbed in 1854, and in 1855 Napoleon, at Planori, was fired at.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, was attacked, and King Ferdinand, of Naples, was stabbed by Melano in 1856. Napoleon III. was conspired against in 1857, and in 1859 the same ruler had to encounter the Orsini attack.

The Emperor of Germany was shot at twice by the student Becker in 1861, and in 1862 the Queen of Greece was shot at by Brasola, also a student; while Napoleon had another conspiracy directed against him.

The Czar was attacked in St. Petersburg in 1866, and in Paris in 1867 was attacked, together with several other crowned heads, by Berezowski, a Pole.

Prince Michael, of Servia, was killed in 1868, and General Prim, of Spain, was assassinated in 1870, in Madrid.

The Spanish minister, Zorilla, was attacked in 1871, and in 1872 King Amadeus, of Spain, was likewise threatened. Again St. Petersburg came to the front, and in 1873 was noted as being the place where the life of the venerable Emperor of Germany was placed in jeopardy.

In 1877 the Czar was attacked by Solovief, and the year following the Emperor of Germany was assailed by Hodel and Nibiling; while the young King Alphonso, of Spain, was attacked, and King Humbert, of Italy, was threatened by Passananta.

These events were followed, December 21st, 1879, by another attempt to assassinate the Czar, by blowing up the line near Moscow; but the baggage train was by mistake destroyed, and the carriage containing the royal party escaped. The same year King Alphonso was again threatened.

On March 13th, 1881, the Czar was assassinated in the streets of St. Petersburg. The man who threw the fatal bomb, Grenevitsky, perished in the explosion.

Quite recently there have been attempts made on the life of the present Czar, Alexander III.

ENVELOPE MAKING.—The process of manufacturing envelopes is apparently simple, although in reality complicated. True, there are only three distinct operations to be gone through with—the cutting, gumming and folding, but the blending of the last two operations into one makes necessary the use of a complex machine. There is nothing remarkable in the first part of the operation. The paper, as it comes from the factories, is cut in squares or diagonals measuring thirty or forty inches, special diagonal shapes being chosen for particular cutting-dies, in order to save waste which would follow from the sheet not being especially adapted to the die. Each sheet will average thirteen envelopes, which are cut by dies of innumerable sizes and shapes, but all verging on the diamond, five hundred sheets being placed on the presses at a time. In spite of all precautions there is a waste of two pounds to every forty. The folding and running machines are now brought into use, and no more fascinating occupation can be found for a while than to watch their lightning-like motions as they turn out finished envelopes at the rate of seventy-five a minute. Each of these machines requires no other attendant than a girl who receives the envelopes as they are forced out, binds them and packs them into boxes. Six of the machines are used entirely for papeteries, five for gumming, folding and printing at the same time, and the rest for plain commercial envelopes to the packers in lots counted out to suit.

Scientific and Useful.

MOCK IRON.—This is the name given to an alloy for filling blow-holes, etc., in castings. It is made of one part bismuth, two parts antimony, and nine parts lead. This has the property of expanding in cooling, so that a hole filled with the melted alloy will not show any cracks, and the plug will be tight.

PAPER BEARINGS.—Damp parchment paper, when strongly compressed, forms a homogeneous substance of great rigidity and toughness. A German mechanic, observing that when exposed by its cut edges to the friction of a smooth metalic surface, it undergoes but a slight amount of wear, has taken out a patent for making journal-boxes of the compressed parchment: it only requires a little water for lubrication.

STONE-BRICK.—A new building material called stone-brick, harder than the hardest clay-brick, is made from simple mortar. It is a scientifically made and perfect mortar: in fact, a hydraulic cement, and the grinding together of lime and sand in a dry state—including also some alumina, which is usually present in sand—and the subsequent heating by steam, give the mixture the properties of the burned hydraulic cements at present in use.

EBONY IMITATION.—Ebony is now imitated on wood by simply painting with a one per cent. solution of sulphate of copper, and, on this becoming dry, painting the wood over with a liquid consisting of equal weights of aniline, hydrochloride, and spirits of wine; the effect of the blue nitrol is to set on the aniline and form nigrosin, a black which cannot be affected by acids or alkalies. To this a lustre can be added by coating the surface with simple copal varnish.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.—Although the lighting of the inside of private carriages with electricity has been for some time an experimental practice, the application of electricity as a substitute for the external carriage-lamp is, in London at least, quite novel. A private one-horse brougham, well-equipped, drove along one of the principle thoroughfares of that city, last week, lighted throughout by means of electricity. A brilliant star shone on the horse's forehead, another on the coachman's hat, and a third at the back of the carriage.

HUNTING KNIVES.—A new novelty in hunting knives has made its appearance, the special feature of which is the manner in which the blade is connected with the handle and opens. In opening this knife it is held point downward, then by moving the latch which holds the blade, the blade drops out to its full length and is then firmly locked. In closing the knife the operation is reversed—the point turned up and the latch drawn back—when the blade drops in, and the latch being released the opening is securely closed, keeping the blade in and excluding all dirt from the knife.

Farm and Garden.

WOOD ASHES.—Save the wood ashes to use as a fertilizer. It is more profitable than to sell them to the soapmakers. Wood ashes never come amiss on the farm or in the garden.

FIRE-FANG.—Should the manure heap begin to "fire-fang" during this warm weather, shovel it over and add fine litter or dry dirt. Should this be inconvenient, saturate the heap well with cold water.

THE PLOW AND WEEDS.—The plow will do better service killing weeds, if they be of heavy growth, than will the cultivator. If the weeds be turned under they will afford excellent green manure, especially if they be very thick.

MUTTON CORNING.—Farmers would find it to their advantage to corn mutton in a weak brine for home consumption. The hams can be smoked and used like dried beef, or they can be boiled. The corned mutton will be found an agreeable change from sausage and spare-rib.

HORSES AND HEAT.—Horses put to hard work will almost surely show puffy spots under the harness, which will soon make bad galls if neglected. Lift the harness and bathe the spots with cold water when the teams rest and at evening. Make sure that collars, especially, fit well and are smooth and hard.

SHOES.—A school for horseshoers would add thousands of dollars to the value of horses. While the blacksmiths and horseshoers are familiar with the work of shoeing, and understand the quality of the shoes, yet a large majority of them are in ignorance of the structure of the hoof. Shoeing has become an art, and there is much to learn in that respect.

STAGNANT WATER.—Stagnant water on the farm will not only injure the crops, but will breed disease. Many cases of diptheria, typhoid fever, etc., may be traced to a want of underdrainage. Cows drinking such water cannot give milk pure in quality. All low places upon which water will collect should receive attention.

VERY CONSIDERATE: "When you were last here," said the magistrate to the prisoner, "you promised me, if I released you, you would go to work. Why haven't you kept your word?" "Judge," returned the victim meekly, "I didn't want to insult honest working people by joining their ranks. I am such a vagabond, you know, that I should disgrace any calling that I took up."

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The Duty of Forgiveness.

A wise man, says the great English moralist, Johnson, will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest.

The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own suffering, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations.

We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquility and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determined pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain.

But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is, therefore, of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind. Whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

We should be impartial, yet not severe, in the judgment we pass, and the demands we make upon ourselves; watchful against the infirmities and errors too incident to human nature, but not supposing that we shall be entirely free from them, nor afflicting ourselves beyond measure to find that we are not. Such an overstrained severity breaks the force of the mind, and hinders its progress towards perfection. In the choice of conditions, or making any steps in life, it is a dictate of wisdom to prefer reality to appearance, and to follow Providence as our guide: to be more indifferent to life, and all things in it, which the less we value the more we shall enjoy. And, moreover, to consider that the happiness of the present state consists more in repose than pleasure; and in those pleasures that are pure and calm (which are likewise the most lasting) rather than in those which violently agitate the passions. Happy are we when our pleasures flow from the regularity of our passions, and even course of piety and goodness, an humble confidence in the mercy of God, and from the hope of immortality! Not to be contented without a perpetual succession of other pleasures besides these, is the way never to know contentment.

A LARGE proportion of the unhappiness, the ignorance, the loss of property, and even the loss of life that is endured in the world, is to be directly traced to the hurry and drive which characterizes so much of the labor performed. The chief motives that lead men to this practice are the ambition to accomplish impossibilities and the desire to make up for lost time. Industrious people who lack judgment and forethought often undertake more than they can do, and in trying to resist the inevitable they come to grief. On the other hand, the idle or self-indulgent, conscious of having wasted or misappropriated hours that should have been consecrated to labor, try to subvert nature's inexorable law by hurried efforts in the remnant of time left to them.

It may be said that the hardest thing in the world is to do just right one's self, and that the easiest thing in the world is to see where others fall short of doing just right. But there is no reason why one should shrink from undertaking to do the hardest thing, or should be satisfied with doing the easiest.

EVERY state of life has its own hardships—the private and peaceful existence of advanced civilization as well as the life of the soldier or pioneer. They differ in kind, the former having far greater variety and complexity, and the latter more certainty and definiteness; but both may be equally expected and prepared for. Indeed the peaceful citizen needs more, not less, of such preparation than does the warrior or explorer, because he knows not from what quarter or in what form his hardships may come. He needs to gird himself with strength and courage to meet adversity under any of its numerous shapes.

Do not be disheartened because you have failed once, twice, or three time, but press onward; make up your mind to gain a certain point, and gain it. Do not rest till you have. Do not stop till you see failure disappearing and success fairly in your hands. It must come sooner or later, if you only make up your mind not to be beaten. It matters not how poor you may be; once overcome the disappointment of failure and you have attained success.

ANGER makes a good servant, but a very bad master. The question is not how to crush it out utterly, but how to manage it and control it so that good and not evil may result. Certainly, if this effort were sincerely and continuously made, very much of the anger that now runs riot would die a peaceful and natural death.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that, rejoice in it, and try as you can to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when the time comes.

THE bread of bitterness is the food on which men grow to their fullest stature; the waters of bitterness are the debatable ford through which they reach the shores of wisdom; the ashes boldly grasped and eaten without faltering are the price that must be paid for the golden fruit of knowledge.

THE fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence, than our faculties demand instruction and regulation in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves.

THE spirit of conciliation puts peace, love and harmony far above trifles; it buries petty selfishness, it inflicts no unnecessary wounds, it lends a courtesy and grace to actions, a charm to presence, a dignity to character, and a never-failing spring of happiness to life.

To trust God when our warehouses and bags are full, and our tables are all spread, is no hard thing; but to trust Him when our purses are empty, but a handful of meal and cruse of oil left, and all the ways of relief stopped—herein lies the wisdom of a Christian's grace.

NEVER did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practiced, but with increasing joy, which made the practicer still more in love with the fair act.

IT is very true that precepts are useful; but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from what is objectionable.

DOES any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.

TAKE all the sorrows out of life and you take away all richness, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

CONQUER thyself. Till thou hast done that, thou art a slave, for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as thy own.

OUR sins, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory, scarce appear. Toward our evening how great and monstrous they are!

The World's Happenings.

Cincinnati has a 10-months-old child who is claimed to weigh 43 pounds.

A new way to serve a melon is to pack the pulp in a freezer, like ice cream.

In seven years a Michigan farmer has had seven horses killed by lightning.

Half of the present population of the United States were born since the war.

A Spanish officer has invented a war boat that will stay under water four days.

Pay Up is the name of a postoffice in Georgia, and Missouri has one called Pay Down.

Poisonous chemicals have been detected in the coloring of neckties and the sweatbands of hats.

Forty-three persons, male and female, are given employment in the Queen's kitchen, it is said.

There is a church in the east end of London where parties so desiring can be married for 1s cents.

A bustle is said to have saved the life of a Virginia young lady who was struck by a train recently.

During the recent Indian raid in Arizona the Apaches traveled fifteen miles on tiptoe to hide their trail.

An enterprising Western genius has succeeded in producing a fair article of illuminating gas from potato bugs.

A Newburgh man has 200 different varieties of apples grafted upon one tree; 187 of them were in bearing last year.

In ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache. It is difficult to improve upon some of those old-time remedies.

An Italian gentleman professes to have discovered a liquid which will enable a person to remain without food for thirty days.

A rattlesnake being pelted with stones by a Washington Territory boy, treed him in a peach tree and kept him there two hours.

A novel method of advertising has been introduced by placing at the corner of streets a list of the tradesmen in the vicinity, with other information.

Rev. C. Cook, of Jessup, Ill., aged 67, a preacher and drummer, was married in Sioux City recently to Mrs. Curtis, a widow of 42, after a courtship of one hour.

In Paris one can buy the half of a fowl in the market, if no more is desired, and at Bordeaux one can buy a leg, a second joint, a breast, or any other single part.

An information office has been opened in London, at which "questions are answered on every subject, in all languages—one shilling for each single simple question.

An electric indicator has been applied to looms which sounds when a thread breaks and thus avoids the necessity of such constant watching on the part of weavers.

The members of the Fat Men's Club, of Hudson county, N. J., have been on a pic nic. The President weighed 421 pounds, and the Committee of Reception 14,016 pounds.

The splitting of a tree near Redding, Shasta county, California, by lightning recently, disclosed in the hollow trunk a skeleton. Three bullet holes were found in the skull.

Syracuse boasts of having the biggest dog in the world. He weighs 220 pounds, and measures 6 feet 2 inches from nose to tail. He is nearly 2 years old, and was born in England.

It is related that at Bad Axe, Mich., the other day, a fishhawk came sailing over the base ball grounds just at the proper moment, and was struck by a high fly and instantly killed.

Dr. Mackenzie, the English surgeon, who operated on the German Crown Prince's throat, charged $12,000 for making two trips to Germany and treating his patient in London for a few days.

Recent statistics on the comparative longevity of the sexes show that under 18 years there are more boys than girls, but over 75 years there are more women than men, and from the ages of 90 to 100 the proportion is 3 to 2 in favor of the women.

When the boisterous youth of the Orange Mountain region in New Jersey serenaded John Crane and his bride the other night they scorned the proffer of five gallons of root beer as a peace-offering, alleging that a groom of 75 and a bride of 80 ought to furnish better cheer.

In Dawson, Ga., a hog that ran across a man who had been imbibing to such an extent that it was amusing to see him stagger along and occasionally put his nose to the ground in order to brace himself and put on brakes. It would bristle up and try to fight the largest hog that would come near.

Analyses of milk show that the average article is adulterated 13 per cent. with water. The milkmen defend themselves by saying that the farmer puts a piece of ice in the can, and when that melts the dealer has to put in another, and so on, until the water reaches to the big percentage found.

An ex-soldier of Lowell, Massachusetts, accidentally struck a comrade on the head in 1865. Believing that he had killed him, he fled, and did not return to Lowell until a few days ago, when he was immensely relieved by being greeted on the street by the very man he thought he had killed.

If any one were to walk one way through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of 2,800 miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

A Pittsburg preacher took for the subject of a recent sermon "Damn It." The remainder of the series are to be entitled: "How is the Score?" "He Held an Ace Full!" "How was the Show?" "Who is that New Girl? Has She Just Struck the City?" "Let Us Have a Game of Pool!" "Are You Trying to Make a Mash?"

COMPENSATION.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Is that new world toward which our feet were set
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hopes of bliss?
Has heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,
When on the leafless stalks the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long,
And the little birds break out in rippling song?

Oh, sweet the drooping eve, the blush of morn,
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
The sun-flecked shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the falling rain,
The warm, delicious, happy summer rain,
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long,
And the little birds break out in rippling song.

O happy earth! O homes so well beloved!
What recompense have we, from her removed!
One hope we have that overtops the whole:
The hope of finding every vanished soul
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee and all thy bliss,
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

Bonny Mary.

BY ISABELLA WEDDLE.

IT was the evening of a warm, bright day in early Autumn, and as the glorious tints of sunset deepened, the workers in the golden harvest fields ceased their toil and hastened homeward.

One reaper lingered behind the rest, and the swish-swish of his broad, sharp scythe broke on the quiet, till the last of his comrades had left the field.

He was not quite alone, however, for bonny Mary Jamieson still "gathered" after him.

Her step was as light and her movements as graceful, in their unconsciousness of effort, as in the gladsome morning hours. Neither she nor big Dick minded a few minutes overtime, when that meant being together, and having the walk home in company.

"It's time for us to be droppin' work like the rest, Mary, my hinny," said the young giant, at length, straightening himself as he spoke, and resting a moment on his scythe.

There was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, as they rested fondly on the girl, and she answered it with a smile in her own. They understood each other these two, and knew what the extra industry meant, and made no secret of it.

It was understood they were "sweethearting," and the neighbors had given up chaffing them by this time, big Dick not being one to stand nonsense. They were both popular, moreover, and it was agreed on all hands they would make a "right bonny couple, and look gay weel together." It would have been an envious eye, indeed, that could have denied this.

Few finer models for a painter could have been found in all the sweet North Country than the lovers, as they loitered together by the hedgerows, and stood at last by the wicket leading to the farmhouse, just where the lingering sunshine fell upon them.

He, tall, muscular and fair, his hair and short-cut beard a mass of curling gold, his color a rich ruddy brown, born of constant exposure to sunshine and to storm.

He wore neither coat nor vest, and his shirt of coarse white linen was loosely fastened at the throat by a crimson scarf, while the same color appeared again in the one brace that crossed his shoulder, while the other hung like a sword-belt by his side. His sleeves were pushed up, and his bare sunburnt arms showed every well-knit muscle, like those of Discobolus in bronze.

Strong and largely made though he was his companion did not look insignificant beside him, and, in its way, her coloring was equally rich and warm. But her eyes were large and dark and steady, while his were blue and restless. The plentiful, vigorous hair that was coiled firmly at the back of her head was dark as night.

She wore a short jacket of buff calico with an apron to match, and a skirt of that ruddy brown woollen Northumbrian women used to favor, and which was rightly dear to every artist eye.

Yes, they made a picture truly as they stood; yet there beat beneath it two throbbing human hearts, two passionate, half-tutored souls, two strong wills, and a man's ambition and a woman's constancy; the elements, alas! of many a life-long tragedy such as no painted canvas can portray.

She could barely read and write, this girl of nineteen, know nothing of poetry, nor could she put her feelings into words, and see herself and let others see how fine they were, but not less truly did she love for such ignorance of art. With all her beauty, too, strange to say, she knew little of feminine coquetry.

Dick was the first man she had favored, and she had let him see all her honest heart. Now, as his strong brown arm encircled her, she yielded herself to it, her head rested on his shoulder, and his breath fanned her cheek.

The rich peach-bloom scarcely deepened to a blush even when he kissed her full young lips again and again, while his hand tenderly stroked her round, warm throat. She *loved* him; she was no more ashamed of that than was Eve in Paradise; nature, unwarped by conventionalities, was strong in her.

They did not talk much in general these two, though they had no pretty theories about affinities and thought-reading; for the woman it sufficed just to be near the man she loved, while, usually, her presence calmed his restless discontent. And that the girl failed to understand, for in her was a great, dumb patience, born of generations of quiet submission to the ills of life.

There was an alien strain in Dick's blood, though, to the honest peasant class from which his mother sprung, and in his manhood it showed itself.

There was almost an incongruity in the way he fretted at his lot; it was like a great draught horse, trained to daily labor in cart and plough, that suddenly should champ its bit and paw the ground it was meant to till, soon as the trumpet call of battle or the horn of chase should reach its ears.

After years of such training, just so suddenly had Dick awakened. A misfortune had happened to him, he had begun to think! Having to pass a night in Newcastle, in readiness for the morrow's market, he had entered a lecture-hall, and there, for the first time, had heard the wonders of that new Western world which was at that time practically to many laboring men a still undiscovered land.

The gold fever was then at its height, and the lecturer showed many a gleaming nugget as tangible proof of California's rich resources.

Why he did not go himself in search of such unmeasured wealth, and why he preferred the silver sixpences of his native land to the boundless gold of that virgin soil, were questions the dazzled countryman never thought of asking, but came back to his native village like one in a dream.

He had caught the infection in that one night's excitement, and his veins ran fire and his brain was in a whirl. Yet habit was strong.

The man went on working all through that soft sweet springtime, through the hot, luxuriant summer, and made no sign. His purpose was ripening all the while, though at first he was not aware of it. Was it habit merely, or was not love the power that bound him to his country: the tie that even in his frenzy he could scarcely find strength to sever?

It was strange and apparently foreign to the character of the man that he talked little of the idea that possessed him. He was usually by no means reserved—not at all averse to blowing his own trumpet in the village tavern, and bragging of the fact that he could reap a good half acre more in a day than his mates, could back a horse against any jockey in the land, and throw his man at a "wrastle" quicker than most—yet, save in a few obscure hints, he never breathed a word of what was passing in his mind. Mary alone knew it, but the girl's brain as yet moved slowly, and failed to grasp an idea that was out of the beaten track.

When Dick first spoke to her of that gold-strewn land of the West, she listened with a slow, half-compassionate smile on her face, as though to some unmeaning dream. Neither the place nor the treasure it contained had any reality to her mind.

It was "nobbut book-larning," and all that books contained was to Mary a thing to be taken with great caution as not applicable to the affairs of life. All the same she grew prouder of Dick when week after week he brought a newspaper from market and conned it diligently day after day, till the following Saturday brought its successor.

Slowly, very slowly, she grew to attach some meaning to his words; to grieve at his discontent, to wonder that though he was saving money he spoke to her no longer of marriage; and slowly through her great, deep love there had grown a sense of coming loss.

Not less did they love each other, yet a consciousness of constraint had risen between them, a jarring something that Mary felt even in her lover's very kiss and in the touch of a caressing hand—and this Autumn evening, after the first few moments of love's delicious abandon, this discordant element asserted itself without a word being spoken.

She asked no question, only her big, steady eyes sought Dick's with a vague questioning, like that of some faithful animal which fails for once to read its master's mind. The bold blue eyes of the man quailed and wavered before that steady gaze, and when he spoke it was in a half-querulous tone of self-justification.

"It's no manner o' use, Mary, I canna bide it, and I'm not gangin' to try. Think on't, woman, a chap like me workin' for a beggarly eighteen shillin' a week, when there's places in the world where the yellow gold is to be had for howkin'! What's there to look forward to here that a man should bide? Can ye tell me? Nowt but the poorhouse, or the parish 'lowance, after workin' all one's life. Ye ken that well enough, I reckon, my poor brave lass;" and Dick looked tenderly at the girl and drew her closer, for her eyes were filling with scalding tears. He had hit a wound evidently, but still Mary did not speak.

"Ye ken I've thought on it for a gay bit, though I've not said much for fear o' vexin' ye, but I can bide it no longer. I dream on't at night, and in the day-time the gleam o' the ripened corn seems to mock me, and I think o' the land where the real red gold itself cries out for men to gather it. Speak, lass, speak ye're mind on't, it's not only mysel I'se thinking on!"

Mary's answer was to lay both her hands on his shoulders and look straight in her lover's face. Her cheek had paled, but her voice was steady.

"What's the use o' my speakin', Dick? Ye've setten ye're mind on't, and nothin' I can say will turn ye."

"And ye'll come to me, hinny, soon as I hae a home to fetch ye to—eh, lassie? The thought o' that will lighten the day's work!"

Mary had turned from him, and did not see the eager light in his eyes as he waited her answer. She leaned against the wicket, her head resting on her hands and her face hidden, and Dick stood awkwardly beside her.

He did not feel as if he knew what to do with his arms now that they held her no longer, yet, though he could not understand it, there was something in the girl's mood, some strange new dignity in her attitude, some unapproachable isolation and heroism of soul, that set a barrier between them and kept him at a distance.

It held him silent too as well as undemonstrative, though he had been wont to think a kiss or a caress sufficient answer before when any little hitch came in his lovemaking.

He felt ill at ease, too. He had been prepared for tears, for reproaches, for oozing remonstrances, but this silent tragic calm awed and subdued him. By-and-by the girl turned and faced her lover, but though he stretched out his arms to draw her to him she made no response.

"Gang, Dick, gang if so be ye're heart's set on it: I'll not stand in ye're way, but ye ken weel I canna leave my ain folk now that the mather's bedrid."

There was no doubt in her tone, only an entirely unconquerable certainty that would have been only weakened had she resorted to any argument to support it, and it silenced the words that were on Dick's lips and the wishes that were in his heart.

"Maybe no! Not just the now, but by-and-by; or, if ye couldn't bring yersel to it, I wad come back after a year or two and bring a fortun' with me. Eh, hinny, hinny, dinna blame! ye and me hae seen the burden o' poverty press gay sair on those we love; and my beauty, my beauty, I could na bide to think o' ye're bonny limbs cramped wi' pains, and ye made an auld woman of afore ye're time, like her ye're thinkin' on. I'd fain spare ye that, and make ye an easy time of it, lass, when ye and me are past our prime."

Dick's voice grew husky, and now he took his sweetheart in his arms and strained her to his breast.

He loved her, this sweet, wholesome, healthy creature, with all his heart; and at the moment believed, and made her believe, that it was to make her life a happy one in the future that he chose to leave her now.

They lingered together still though the sunset deepened, and heart rested on heart and lip on lip, till the ocean that would divide them was forgotten in love's blissful present. Yet when at length they severed, and Mary started on her homeward way, she turned and looked back to where Dick stood watching her, a sudden pang of deadly pain shot through her heart.

Through the tall dark fir-trees to the West the crimson hues of sunset fell across the path she had trodden, and while she stood it seemed as though a blood-red stream divided her from the man she loved, and tinged with its cruel color all his raiment.

He waved her a farewell across it, and smiled ere he turned to go; but the girl's nerves were strung to their highest pitch, and a strange, vivid terror fell upon her soul, and rested there.

Was it an omen of coming ill, or had the emotion of the past hour roused the latent power of imagination in this "unlessoned girl's" hitherto almost dormant brain?

Who shall answer save Time, the great interpreter?

* * * * * *

Dick was gone, and Mary Jamieson's life went on outwardly as though he had never been. No time had she to sit and brood idly over her lover's absence; woman though she was, she must work, not weep, for only her strong hands and willing heart stood between her loved ones and the terrible poorhouse.

There was to an onlooker something wofully sad in seeing this active, healthy young creature amid her surroundings; something indescribably pathetic in watching the buoyant overflowing vitality of the beautiful woman slowly, as it were, going to nourish lives that were utterly hopeless, helpless, ruined.

"Struggle for existence," "survival of the fittest"—these are the laws that have made our humanity what it is, are they? So we are told; but certain old world superstitions anent duty and love are apt to run counter to them, at all events in natures not fully under the glorious light of nineteenth century science, and Mary, in her sublime ignorance, calmly set them at nought.

She was all unconscious of heroism in that she was sacrificing health, beauty, youth and happiness for the sake of the poor wretched mother, crippled in every limb with rheumatism, and of the rickety idiot brother that spent all his harmless, useless life in toying with straw and chips and paper-cuttings.

Nor did those to whom she sacrificed herself see anything more in it than did Mary herself. The mother was too utterly worn out, too conscious of her weary load of aching flesh to think of much beyond, and then, though she did not reason it out, (though, indeed, reason was barely awake, and only a dim, half-human instinct had guided her life), the helpless woman herself had been equally unselfish.

Was not her present weight of woe but the outcome of long hours of exposure to cold and damp in field and barn? Was not the half-witted child she had borne after her husband's death but the result of her sleepless nights in nursing the dying man, and her toilsome days earning the pittance that kept a roof above their heads?

Mary was her mother's daughter truly in that blind unreasoning instinct of self-sacrifice; the spark of divine fire that animates our clay, and bids a noble defiance to theory and to law.

As for Jimmie, he no more wondered that Mary was kind and loving, than he wondered at the sky for being blue and the sun for being warm. He smiled and was happy and enjoyed it all, blessed with a brain that asked no questions, knew no problems, and took no thought for the morrow.

So the months passed, and bonny Mary was Mary Jamieson still, though many a lad tried to win a glance from her sweet brown eyes, and many a lover tried in vain to woo.

It did not even strike her as possible that she might while away the time with lighter loves, and feed her vanity with flattery, even if her heart must hunger for its absent dear one. Dick would come back, he had promised that, and meanwhile she would wait.

A year had passed and brought but one letter from him,—as loving a one as even she could wish, but, alas! the "fortun'" seemed far off as ever. He hadn't been "lucky," he said: "other chaps struck gold sometimes just within a yard or two of where he failed; but she must keep up her heart, his turn would come."

And keep up her heart she did, yet the time was long.

Another year and no letter came, and Mary was a shade paler, her form a something less rounded, her eyes a trifle sadder. That was all the change that could be seen.

Her burden now was somewhat lighter, though the lightening meant an added loneliness—for the bed in the corner was empty, and the tired sufferer was at rest.

Where was Dick, why did he make no sign? This was the question that, her

lonely heart was ever asking; oftenest with sad foreboding, sometimes with a glad hopefulness. What if after all he was on his way to her, and some happy day should clasp her in his arms, and chide her for the doubt that had crept into her soul?

Surely, surely that must be why no letter came, she tried to think; but, alas! the future held for her no such glad solution.

* * * * * *

Far out in the West the glowing tints of sunset crowned the head of St. Helens, as it towered high above the neighboring hills. The wild roving wind swept through the forest pines, and the air was pungent with the scent of resin, and clear and fresh as mountain purity could make it, as it swept through the deep rocky canons, and on where a few canvas tents gleamed white, and a score or two of rough wooden shanties told of a miners' village.

The canon was thickly wooded below, where a noisy brawling stream dashed from ledge to ledge; but towards the top of its precipitous sides huge masses of bold red rock showed themselves in rugged nakedness amid a sparse and scattered growth of birch, poison oak and chaparral.

Here, on a ledge of rock, two men stand facing one another, wrath and hatred in their souls.

A wild, beautiful, gipsy-like woman, with unkempt hair and dress of some rich and gaudy stuff, strangely out of harmony with the rough garb of the men, is watching them. A smile of triumph parts her brilliant coral lips, for she knows herself the cause of the deadly breach between the comrades, the precious prize that both seek to claim.

"Bah! Let them fight it out." She likes a strong man, loves to see a struggle and the fierce encounter of foes in passionate combat—it rouses her blood, and quickens her pulse, and makes life glorious as did the gladiatorial shows of old to high-born maid and matron.

These two are both huge of limb and powerful of muscle. The one fair as the fabled sun-god himself, the other dark and swarthy; yet she could scarcely choose between them.

The human tigress is content to wait the issue of the conflict.

A fierce torrent of angry words, a struggle, a yell of ungoverned and ungovernable passion, a clash of weapons, a gleam of steel, and the flashing knife finds a crimson scabbard.

A fall, and the strong, bearded Apollo lies a helpless mass of quivering flesh, a stream of blood pouring from his chest and reddening all the loose white shirt he wears.

The man whose mad frenzy has done it all now vainly tries to staunch the wound, while a choking something grips his throat and all but unmans him.

"Dick, Dick, dear old comrade, speak!" he cries, as he throws himself on his knees by the bleeding man, and roughly casts aside the beautiful creature who touches him with a half caress, and curses her as he does so.

What is she now to either of them, this woman, that had the power to madden them into wild and savage brutes? Is it to clasp her in a last farewell that the dying man throws his arms into the air and calls a name? Twice, thrice he calls it; but it is the name of one who is far away.

"Mary! Mary! Mary!" comes the bitter, yearning cry; then he sinks back into the arms of his recent foe, and all is still.

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Far away, meanwhile, in a Northumbrian cottage, a woman lies asleep, for there it is already past midnight. The dim firelight flickers over her face, and shows the beauty of its soft contours, and the wealth of the dark hair that lies on the pillow.

The clock ticks slowly, slowly, by the wall, and a mouse nibbles in the woodwork, and through the half-open door of the adjoining closet comes the heavy breathing of another sleeper. Save for that, all is still within, though outside the wind comes in a long, low moan across the valley, and amid the trees is a ceaseless sighing. The clock strikes two, and still all is silent; only the woman moans in her sleep, and the sound from the inner room is hushed.

"Mary! Mary! Mary!" comes a call; and all the air vibrates, and a chill as of a cold breath sweeps through the little cottage.

"Dick! Dick!" responds the wakened sleeper, stretching her beautiful arms out in the darkness; but in the empty blackness there is none to answer her embrace.

The fire flares up one second, lights the tiny room, and throws a long creeping shadow across the mirror that was Dick's last love-gift. Then the light goes out, absolute darkness reigns, and the silence is unbroken—even the clock has ceased to tick, stopped by some weird and unseen hand. The great timekeeper of the world, however, still moves on, morning comes at last, and the rosy dawn tinges all the earth.

Pale and heavy-eyed, though tearless, and with a strange numbness at her heart, Mary rises and goes about her daily task. She moves softly and silently as though in a chamber of the dead, nor does she draw the little blind that shuts the sunlight out. Once she glances at the clock, but does not seek to set its unswaying pendulum again in motion.

The spell of a terrible dream is on her. Once more she had seen her lover. Seen him as he stood in the years before, waving her a fond farewell, while his eyes were full of a wistful longing new to them and which she could not interpret.

There was a blood-red stain upon his breast, and a crimson stream divided her from him, which she could not cross when she tried to reach his side. Then the vision faded and she woke, her own name sounding in her ears in Dick's well-remembered voice.

By-and-by Jimmie wakened from his sleep, and his then unbroken treble startled her in the stillness.

"Mary, Mary, where's Dick? I see'd him standin' by ye're bed last night, just as ye called out, and then he was gone afore I could see where he went. What ails ye, lass, that ye're shiverin' so, it is as cauld the morn."

But Mary gave no answer. She had sunk white and trembling into a chair, and for once in her life a merciful unconsciousness wrapt her in its kindly oblivion.

It was no dream then. Dick in very surety had been near her, and now she knew that nevermore while life should last would she look again upon his face.

Strong as Death had been the love he bore her, for it had vanquished space, and won a moment even from eternity to bid farewell to the faithful heart that was his forever.

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Mercifully, the true history of that death Mary never knew, and Dick's memory knows to her no stain.

Forty long years have gone since then, the beautiful hair is white as snow, and the broad, low forehead has many a wrinkle, but in the sweet old eyes dwells an ineffable peace.

Mary has "turned a Methodist" in her old age, and the thought of heaven's eternal blessedness sweetens her lonely life here below; but she calls herself to task sometimes as she fears that the hope of seeing her girlhood's lover quickens her longing for the better land, and that his bonny golden curls come between her soul and a thorn-crowned Head to which she fain would offer an undivided allegiance.

The Heiress of Birkenby.

BY T. CASSELL.

OVER the dark oaken walls of the old-fashioned drawing-room of Birkenby Hall the firelight flashed merrily from the log fire which burnt in the grate. Lying on the hearthrug, her dark head resting wearily on her folded arms, lay the heiress of Birkenby, the only child of Sir Stanley Birkenby, a wealthy baronet, whose fortune was the talk of the county.

As Beatrice silently sat gazing into the flames, their flickering light showed each line of her features. Very beautiful was this young girl of three-and-twenty. We said young, but she was often taken for far more than her age. Perhaps it was the finely moulded figure; perhaps the expression of haughtiness which already distinguished the dark face; but, be that as it may, Beatrice Birkenby was thought to be older than her years. As she sat there, the hours slowly slipping by and the darkness gathering, the door was suddenly opened and a tall figure entered.

"Why, Beatrice," exclaimed the newcomer, "where have you been all the afternoon? Why did you not ride with us?"

"I did not care to, Rupert," was the answer, without any movement.

"Very absurd of you, then; better than mooning here alone for hours. But I have not offended you, fair cousin, have I?"

"Not at all," answered Beatrice, haughtily, as she relapsed into silence once more.

Rupert knew his cousin's temper well, and he went and bent over her, passing his arm round her. They were but cousins, after all, and had known each other from babyhood.

"Beatrice, what is it? Tell me what is the matter with you to-night," he asked, kindly; and for answer the girl gave a passionate sob and hid her face in her hands. Rupert was rather surprised, but said nothing; and presently a servant looked in and peered through the darkness.

"You are wanted, sir," he said, catching sight of Rupert's figure; and then, closing the door, he left the cousins alone.

Beatrice raised her head.

"Rupert, go and leave me alone," she said, wearily.

"Not till you tell me what is the matter, cousin."

Tell him what was the matter—how could she? And she again assured him it was nothing.

"Then, shake hands and let us be friends," answered her cousin, gaily; and, clasping her hand, he left the room.

If Rupert Montrose could have read the heart of his proud cousin, he would have seen that all her love was centred in one object, and that was himself. When that love began she knew not.

In his boyhood Rupert had been her idol—the one person who had had any control over her wayward temper. And now her womanhood had begun, she knew and felt that he was still her idol, and that her heart would forever bend to his will.

And Rupert—gay, handsome Rupert!—he little guessed what a burning love reigned beneath his cousin's cold exterior; and he liked her as a cousin, but that was all. He never dreamed of anything else. So Beatrice lived on, only fearing that by word or look she should betray herself while Rupert stayed in her father's house.

But a change was coming—a change which Beatrice little thought would alter the course of her life. Sir Stanley Birkenby suddenly found himself left guardian to the only girl and child of an old Italian friend of his youth. She was but seventeen—far too young to be left alone; and Sir Stanley immediately sent off one of his servants to Italy to bring his ward to England, where for some time she was to make Birkenby Hall her home.

On the day of her expected arrival, Beatrice wandered restlessly about, and her thoughts were as restless as herself.

What would Maria Chevelli be like? Was she as lovely as those Italians generally were? Would she make an impression on the careless Rupert, who seemed to be impressed by no one?

This last thought was an unpleasant one, and Beatrice drove it away and went to her room to dress for dinner. Hark! There was the sound of carriage-wheels in the frosty avenue, and Beatrice heard her father's pleasant voice of welcome, and then footsteps on the stairs. She had scarcely had time to hurry to the drawing-room when the handle of her door was turned, and Sir Stanley's voice said—

"You will find Beatrice in here, dear; I hope you and she will be good friends."

"I am sure we shall," answered a sweet voice with a soft Italian accent, and Beatrice turned to find herself face to face with Maria Chevelli. She stood gazing at her in perfect silence instead of giving the welcome she had intended.

Before her stood a slight, graceful figure of a girl of seventeen, her golden hair falling in a shining mass over her shoulders. Her large, soft eyes were almost black, nor did their sweeping lashes hide their brilliancy; while over her face there was an expression so pathetic that it seemed to claim the sympathy of the coldest heart.

Truly, Beatrice had prepared herself to meet a lovely face; but this Italian girl, with her Madonna-like beauty, surpassed everything she had ever seen, and she silently stood and gazed. Her father's voice roused her.

"Beatrice, my love, I have brought Maria to you. Make her warm and comfortable before dinner, for she is very tired and cold," and kissing them both he left the room. Left alone, Beatrice advanced and took Maria's hand.

"I am glad you have come," she said; "sit down and warm yourself, while I help you to take off your wraps."

"Thank you; you are very kind to me." And Maria lifted her dark eyes gratefully to Beatrice as she bent over the blazing fire. For some time the two girls sat talking together, Maria little by little telling the story of her life in her native Italy, which she so loved. Presently Beatrice said—

"I think it is time for you to dress for dinner," she said; "I will ring for your maid to do your hair."

Maria looked up. "I always wear my hair like this," she said, tossing back the shining tresses. "Papa liked it best. Must I wear it differently here in England? I don't think Genevieve can do it any other way."

"It certainly does look odd," said Beatrice, coldly; "but I suppose it does not matter so much here at home; but when we visit, it would look better wound round your head as mine is done;" and so saying she left the room.

Maria rose, and slowly began dressing herself. When she had finished her simple toilet, she descended to the dining-room.

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"Good heavens, what dazzling beauty!" And Rupert Montrose, from his side of the handsomely spread table, bent forward and gazed eagerly at the lovely face before him. And Beatrice noticed it—noticed it with a pang of jealousy at her heart. "He will learn to love her," she said bitterly to herself; and all that evening her manner was cold and reserved to the young orphan who had come to live among them.

And Rupert, seeing this, made himself even more fascinating and agreeable than he was wont to strangers, so that Maria in his live company did not notice the shadow which had fallen over Beatrice. And thus the first evening in her new home passed away more happily than she had expected.

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"Maria, my darling, cannot you put off your mourning for this one night, and wear something else?" It was Rupert Montrose who spoke, and he gazed down tenderly on the lovely face raised to his.

"I will, Rupert, if it pleases you," answered the girl softly, as she lay in his loving embrace, and he bent and kissed her. Five months had passed since Maria Chevelli had come from Italy to live in her guardian's home in England. And in that time she had twined herself round Rupert's heart, until he passionately loved her, and rejoiced to find that his love was fully returned.

And Beatrice? Ah! Beatrice, in her pride, endeavored to stifle the love of her heart, while day by day she grew to hate Maria, the innocent cause of her misery. "I will separate them," were the words continually ringing silently on her lips, and daily her life grew more wretched.

The day after the one on which these words were spoken, Rupert Montrose was going away for some time, and his uncle, Sir Stanley, had invited to dinner a few of his friends. Beatrice, passing upstairs, caught sight of the lovers through the half-opened door, and for a moment stood watching them. Then suddenly turning away she muttered, angrily—

"He shall never be yours, Maria—no, never!"

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Beatrice stood alone in the lofty drawing-room awaiting the guests. Her tall form was robed in handsome velvet, while a string of pearls was entwined in the coil of her hair. There was a light step beside her, and looking up she met Rupert's handsome eyes gazing attentively at her. She turned away and would have left the room; but her cousin took her hand and said gently—

"Are you not well, Beatrice?"

Making some inaudible reply, the girl tried to loosen his grasp; but he held her firmly, and went on—

"You have been so strange to me lately, Beatrice, I cannot make it out. You were never like this with your madcap cousin in the old days, when we were boy and girl together. Why are you so altered now?"

"Oh, Rupert, let me go."

The cry burst piteously from her quivering lips, and in that moment, as Rupert caught the strange light in her eyes, he learnt that this girl, with her haughty face and proud heart, loved him with a love that no one else would have guessed she was capable of.

With a start he let her go, and she fled from the room where she had betrayed the secret of her life. Very strange were Rupert's thoughts as he gazed moodily into the fire, and it was not until a sweet voice had twice said "Rupert" that he turned and saw Maria standing beside him.

She stood a perfect vision of loveliness, a cloud of white lace floating round her figure, with bunches of snowdrops resting on her bosom and in her hair. Rupert clasped her in his arms and pressed a kiss on her lips, and in the happiness of that moment forgot all that had passed between himself and his cousin.

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Rupert was gone; and Maria, with tearful eyes, stood gazing down the avenue long after the carriage had disappeared. When bidding her farewell, Rupert had drawn her thoughts towards the future, telling her that before long he would return and claim her for his bride. Ah, if they had only known what the future would bring forth!

Late one night Beatrice Birkenby sat in her boudoir slowly writing. Before her lay a great many letters written in a man's clear hand and signed at the end, "Your affectionate cousin, Rupert Montrose." And from the handwriting in these letters Beatrice was making an almost perfect copy on her own sheet.

What was it which made her hand tremble and her face turn white as she folded that letter and directed it to herself? What was she doing? Quickly folding the large packet of old letters she locked them in her drawer and then rang the bell. Her waiting maid answered the summons, and Miss Birkenby spoke to her in a low voice—

"Wilson, I want this letter posted at once, do you hear? Trust it in no hands but your own, and do not breathe a word of it to any one."

Wilson bowed and left her, and Beatrice was left alone with her thoughts, which were indeed strange ones.

Before leaving her room next morning, Maria took from a velvet case a photograph, which she gazed at long and earnestly.

"Rupert, my darling!" she whispered, the light shining in her dark eyes; "oh, Rupert, you have been away so long! Two whole months without you. But I shall soon see you again, dearest. Only another week to wait and I shall hear your dear voice once more. Oh, the joy of meeting!"

And pressing a long kiss on the picture she ran downstairs. Beatrice appeared colder and more reserved than ever, and when the letters were brought in she took up one directed to herself in Rupert's handwriting and gazed at it in well-feigned astonishment.

But as she read her look of surprise deepened, and at length she flung it across to Maria, telling her to read it. Maria took it, and Beatrice bent forward and watched her intently to see what the effect would be. The letter ran thus:

"MY DEAR COUSIN: I am writing to tell you that I have at last found one in whom my affections are fully centred. I hope you and Miss Chevelli will send me your sincere congratulations, and that the latter will think nothing of the flirtation which passed between us at Birkenby, and which was merely an amusement on my part. I shall be glad to hear from you soon.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,
"RUPERT MONTROSE."

Ah, Beatrice, you were never prepared for the effects of your forged letter. You never expected that terrible cry of suppressed agony, or that still figure lying with its face so white upon the ground.

As Beatrice gazed, a mist seemed to swim before her eyes. She became aware that the room was suddenly filled with servants. She saw her father bending over the figure before her, and then her senses forsook her, and she knew nothing more.

It was nearly midnight when Beatrice awoke from the deep sleep into which she had fallen. Turning, she saw Wilson sitting by the fire, weeping quietly, and the events of the morning rushed upon her. Rising hastily, she flung a shawl round her, and walked unsteadily towards the door.

"Wilson, how is Miss Chevelli? I am going to her room. Lend me your arm; I feel giddy." Wilson jumped up.

"Not to-night! Indeed you must not go to-night, Miss. She cannot see you."

"Cannot see me?" answered Beatrice, in surprise, and then her self-possession fled, and she said brokenly:

"Wilson, I have been guilty of a great sin, and I must go and ask Maria to forgive me. Please come with me to her room."

"Not to-night, miss," repeated the girl, and she gazed at her young mistress with a strange look on her face.

Beatrice looked at her in silence, and then asked, in a frightened voice, "Wilson, tell me—she is not ill?"

"Not ill—no, not ill," was the low reply.

and Beatrice sank terror-stricken on her couch.

"Wilson, tell me what you mean," she gasped; and clear and sorrowful came the words:

"She died this afternoon!"

Dead—dead! The words sank on Beatrice [illegible] with a dull, heavy sound, [illegible].

Maria was dead! Maria, whose life had been entrusted to her and her father's special care, whose fair beauty had shed sunshine and gladness wherever it went, and who was soon to have become Rupert's bride.

Maria was dead! and her death rested on Beatrice Birkenby. She was her murderer! The thought was more than the girl could bear, and her soul was crushed beneath it.

Yes; it was too true! The cruel shock which Maria Cuevelli had received when reading the letter, which she supposed her lover had written, had brought on the terrible disease of the heart, of which her mother had died before her, and in a few hours the beautiful girl lay dead.

She had spoken no word when she had awakened from the swoon into which she had fallen, but had motioned for her writing-case. They gave it to her, and she wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, and then, silently folding it, beckoned to Sir Stanley, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"Promise me," she whispered brokenly—"promise me that Rupert only shall take it to me from my hand."

Her imploring eyes earnestly sought Sir Stanley's face, and he bent and tenderly [illegible]:

"[illegible], I promise."

[illegible] features, [illegible] and Maria's broken heart was at rest.

The winter sunlight streamed brightly through the closed blinds into the still room where the oak coffin stood, and played softly around the golden head which lay within.

Kneeling beside her, his head bowed and his hands clasping a small crushed note, was Robert Montrose. From Beatrice herself he had just learned the cruel tale which had taken his darling from him, and he had come to this silent room to hide the agony of his great sorrow. From the white hand itself he had taken that tiny note and read only four words, in which sorrow, love and reproach seemed mingled together:

"Rupert, I forgive you."

That was all. What had he to be forgiven? Oh, if she had only known—known that he was true, not false, to her! and heavy sobs shook his strong frame as he knelt there and gazed long at the lovely face in the coffin.

The darkness fell, the sunlight faded away, and Rupert rose and left the room. He walked wearily into the dark drawing-room, and with a deep sigh flung himself into a chair. But he was not alone. From the further end of the room a figure rose, and in the dim light Rupert recognized the white face and tearful eyes of his cousin Beatrice. Tremblingly she came and stood before him, and the broken cry escaped her lips—

"Rupert, oh Rupert, forgive me!"

What made his stern face suddenly change as he gazed with almost hatred on the drooping figure? What made him press to his heart a crushed note which he had [illegible] [illegible] the thought of the dear [illegible] [illegible] the thought of those last sweet words, [illegible] suddenly bent and raised the girl to her feet, and spoke in a low, sad voice—

"Beatrice, we forgive you—Maria and I."

It was all he said; and years after Beatrice Birkenby looked back on that moment, and thanked Rupert for that forgiveness which altered the course of her life and made her strive to become like her angel friend, whose pure heart, had she lived, would as fully and freely have forgiven her.

The Conqueror.

BY D. W. H.

THE term Love, used in its broadest signification, describes order evolved out of chaos, harmony drawn from discordant elements—a perpetual struggle and uncompromising warfare with Hate, and all its congener attributes.

When this world was a wandering satellite in space, the strife began.

First, it attracted other wandering meteors within its influence, and by the laws of cohesion and gravitation, held fast what it had received in its bosom.

Then, when it had attained large proportions, the force of gravity swung the pendulous mass into line, and it became a companion sister with the stars, rotating as a spheroid "to the music of the spheres."

Then, when the intense heat, by the aid of gaseous matter, had created a humid atmosphere, it invited the gentle rain to fall and cool the seething mass. Then land and sea were created.

Then, the vegetable kingdom sprang into life, followed by the animal races. All these were sequences, shadowing forth Love's supremacy.

When the way was sufficiently prepared, a being was formed, a spirit united to an animal known as man.

Love's labor did not stop here. As the poet has sung:

"Till Eden's maid brought life to—delightful hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
The world was sad—the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."

Thus the spirit life opened and developed under the auspices of marriage—a dual entity, as it were, to be conjoined into one identity, however it might be perverted from its true and original design by frail and erring humanity since.

To develop man's spiritual nature, Love ordained that he should be subjected to the same laws of trial and strife that govern the material universe.

Thus we see arrayed on one side truth, loyalty, and obedience to higher powers with due goodness, and many other kindred staunch supporters; while on the other side are marshalled hate, malice, lies, immorality, and vices of every form and kind; while other cruel tests to man's strength, such as pain, suffering, fear of death, the passions, with kindred other so-called evils, occupy an intermediate place.

To make the last assertion plain, let it be said that the pain stands as sentinel on the outer walls of the fort, as it were, to give warning to the transgressor to beware of breaking the natural laws of his being; the fear of death guards all humanity against the commission of self-murder under small or great provocations; and the passions, which often inspire the spirit to soar to the loftiest heights—as in the thrilling notes of music, where songs of divine praise, or other chords of harmony, transport the mind to heaven—yet, may be so perverted from their legitimate office to the bacchanalian revel, and in the more pronounced haunts of vice, as to lure the imagination in sympathy with the orgies.

As in the eternal past, Love, the Conqueror, has fought his battles ultimately to win, so it will be, from the very constitution of things, in the eternal future; and those intelligences who enlist under his banner will share his triumphs. But as we all believe that all glorified spirits will be supremely happy in the heavenly home, so also we are led to the conviction that they will be ministering spirits to the countless millions of worlds that constitute the inhabited universe. What a field of labor.

Doctor Dick, the enthusiastic astronomer, draws this picture: "The bodies [illegible] to a number [illegible] of [illegible], which are so many suns, each surrounded by its planetary systems of worlds, like our own sun; but the discovered part is only a small portion, evidently, while far beyond—its glories but dimly seen—is a vast central sun, that would absorb the whole universe. But these numberless worlds, yet unseen, are so distant that their light has never reached us."

This meagre sketch, for its own purposes, describes Love, the Conqueror, as a personality. The sacred oracles contemplate the ruling attributes of Jehovah as centred in love, and repeatedly declare that "God is Love;" and the Great Teacher embodied it as the sum and substance of Christian faith.

The souls that are here fired with resistless energies to serve under Love's banner will be animated by kindred desires yonder. We may well believe that the astronomer who groped his way darkly here, and in a contracted sphere will need no telescope to simplify his vision.

The retort and crucible of the chemist to make uncertain analyses will be superseded by dominant mind. The explorer who perils life and suffering here; the coroner who lives before his time; the scientist who seeks out new inventions: each and all leaving the slough of earth behind, will enter upon the new life that Love, the Mighty, has prepared for them, achieving new victories.

Are these ideas chimerical? If so, it would be to doubt the omnipotence of God. But there are many mortals who brutalize their being, and degrade it into the animal life—who rebel against Love's dominion.

Will they share his triumphs? Manifestly not.

Will the power of Love keep the door of probation open in the life beyond? Will Love grow weary in the coming ages of man's continued contumacy, if still rebellious, and strike out his identity?

These questions are only put to show how the Christian world is divided; nor can they be answered in this sense without partisanship, and that is wholly foreign to the spirit.

One thought is clear, however, that whatever differences of honest opinion may exist here, they will be settled beyond by a higher intelligence more exactly right than finite mortal judgment can determine.

BIRD-CATCHING.—Larks are caught by a line a hundred or two hundred yards in length along the ground. To this line are [illegible] [illegible], each [illegible] about a [illegible] apart. A long line, which is [illegible] [illegible] to the ground, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], these attract the larks [illegible] so fast as they [illegible] [illegible] of picking the [illegible] get caught in the horse-hair [illegible].

The method for sparrows, linnets, goldfinches, etc., is by bat-folding or bat-fowling. Here you have a net made of fine strong twine and extended upon two poles. One man spreads the net across a hedge, while another holds a lantern, for it is supposed to be night, behind the centre of the net.

On the other side of the hedge are accomplices, who beat the hedge with sticks. This alarms the birds; they fly in the direction of the light, and are straightway caught in the net.

Snipes, woodcocks, quails, partridges, and grouse are the prey of poachers who entrap them in the following manner. They have a net about forty yards long and six wide. This they draw lightly over a field of stubble or ground covered with heath. As the net moves it disturbs the game, which, on rising, is simply caught in the trap. To avoid the trouble of dragging the net over a whole field a setter is used with a small lantern fixed to his neck. Wherever there may be birds lying, the dog points, and the lantern (as poachers work in the night-time of course) shows the direction. The poachers then draw the centre of the net over the dog's back, and drop it a few yards in front of him. To prevent this netting of fields small thorny branches are driven into the ground all over the field. These branches play such havoc with the nets as to utterly spoil the poacher's game.

MAKING PERFUMES.

Pomades are the commercial vehicle for absorbing and transporting the perfumes of [illegible], tuberose, jasmine and a few [illegible] of flowers. A square frame, [illegible] of white wood, and about 20 by 30 inches in size, is set with a pane of strong plate glass. On each side of the glass is spread a thin, even layer of grease, which has been purified and refined. Thus prepared, the frames are piled up in ranks six or seven feet high, to await the season of [illegible].

When the roses arrive the petals are picked from the stem [illegible] and [illegible] upon being discarded and laid so as to cover the grease in each frame. Then a long [illegible] is [illegible] upon [illegible] wooden edges, which fit closely together, there is [illegible] a series of [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] of which [illegible], exposed to the perfume of the flowers above and below.

The grease absorbs the perfume, the spent flowers are removed daily and fresh ones supplied, and this process goes on for from two to four or five months, according to the desired strength of the pomade, which, when sufficiently charged with perfume, is taken from the glass with a wide, thin, spatula, and packed in tin cans for export.

By these methods the delicate odors of flowers are extracted and retained for transport to distant markets, where, being treated with alcohol, they yield their perfume to that stronger vehicle, and produce the floral waters and extracts of commerce.

Coarser pomades are made by boiling the flowers in grease and subjecting the residue to pressure. The spent pomades are used for toilet purposes and in the manufacture of fine soaps.

The process of preparing perfumed oils involves the same principle except that, instead of solid grease superfine olive oil is used. With this oil pieces of coarse cotton fabric are saturated, which are then spread upon wire netting stretched in wooden frames about three by four feet in size. The flowers are spread upon the saturated cloths, and the frames are piled one above the other, so that the perfume of the flowers is absorbed as in the previous process.

Essences and "flower waters" are produced by ordinary distillation, in which the flowers are boiled in water in large alembics. The vapor carries off the perfume, and is condensed in adjoining copper tanks, like ordinary spirits.

Some of the retorts used for this purpose are of sufficient size to receive at once half a ton of fresh flowers, with the requisite water for their distillation. When "flower waters" are to be produced alcohol is used in the distilling tank to receive the perfume.

FANS.—The origin of the fan is related in a certain Chinese legend. Kan Si, the beautiful daughter of a powerful Chinese mandarin, was awaiting one evening at the great Feast of Lanterns, when she was so overcome by the heat that she was obliged to take off her mask.

The exposure of her face, however, to the eyes of the multitude was a serious offence against the law, and she had to resort to an ingenious expedient.

She held the mask close to her face and fluttered it rapidly to obtain air, and at the same time conceal herself from the public view. Her action was immediately noted by her fair companions, and, being observed by the crowd, at once a thousand maids were seen waving a thousand masks.

Apocryphal as this account of its origin may be, it is quite clear that from the earliest times the fan has been an indispensable adjunct to civilized life in warm climates.

Ancient Assyrian bas-reliefs represent slaves in the process of fanning their mistresses. Every Roman matron of high degree had recourse to this cooling operation. But the *flabellum* was such a pompous instrument that no one desiring repose from the heat would have thought of wielding it for himself, and slaves were employed to use it for men as well as women.

Consequently it was not until a later time that the portable fan came into use as the special luxury of the fair sex, and that it was invested with those numerous associations of which Addison writes in the *Spectator*.

In Shakspeare's time it was the chivalrous knight's office "to fetch her her fan, her gloves, and her mask;" and the queen herself was painted with a fan in her hands.

The fan was introduced into France from Spain, and in the reign of Louis XIV. it was the greatest joy of the brilliant women who gathered at his court.

It became an important article of industry in Europe, and Flemish laces were then largely devoted to its ornamentation.

[illegible] who have seen the [illegible] of the *Jeune Fille* [illegible] must be reminded of the important part the fan played in the fashionable coquetry of the [illegible] era, when it could be said—

"Off and a fan supply the pause
With laughter, flirting, coying, [illegible]

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There are over 100,000 horses used in [illegible] street cars in the United States [illegible], 2,175; and St. Louis, 2,815. Five years is more than the average useful life of a horse for street car purposes. The success of the system of propelling street cars by electricity has convinced street car men that the horses must go, more especially since it has been demonstrated that cars can be run by electricity under the system for one-half the cost of running by horses.

A Mr. Burdell, of New York, has chosen a rather singular mode of passing his life. He takes a Pullman car on the express train between New York and Chicago for a permanency, and in it he lives, whirled along night and day at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Mr. Burdell considers the sensation a most exhilarating one, and feels perfectly happy. He found the monotony of life in an hotel unbearable, he says, as he is of rather a "restless" disposition. He has an income of $60,000 a year, and is therefore perfectly able to pay the $35 a day which the use of the car costs him.

The great bridges across the Thames, philanthropic workers say—and members of the police force could doubtless fully corroborate their story—are the chosen resting-places, even in far from summer weather, of not a few impecunious and weary outcasts. What do those who seldom think of what is to be found on the night-side of London say to 110 such sleepers being counted upon Blackfriars-bridge, and 58 on London-bridge, at about the same time? The figures, at all events, afford some idea of the large metropolitan population there is which habitually, or at intervals, has to put up with open air lodgings.

Seven years ago Tai Yo, a notorious Chinese woman of San Francisco, died, and in accordance with the custom of her people she was decked for the grave in her finest raiment. Her most showy jewels were placed upon her person, while a goodly sum of gold was deposited in the coffin to pay her way across the Chinese Styx and to establish her comfortably in the future state. The other day a Chinaman asked permission from the Board of Health to ship Tai Yo's bones to China. He paid the $10 necessary and received the permit. It transpires that he did not ship the bones, but simply opened the grave to get the money and jewels buried in the coffin.

Dr. Frantzel, of Berlin, reporting on the effects of immoderate smoking upon the heart, says that smoking, as a rule, agrees with persons for many years, although by degrees cigars of a finer flavor are chosen. But all at once, without any [illegible] cause, troubles are experienced with the heart, which compel the calling in of the doctor. Common cigars are not so liable to produce these effects as the finer flavored ones. Nor can the charge be laid upon cigarettes, although they produce evils of their own. The troubles seldom begin until after the smoker is over 30 years of age, and most usually attack him at between 40 and 50. While it has not been determined what it is that makes smoking injurious, it appears certain that the effect does not depend on the amount of nicotine.

An Eastern visitor says that a [illegible] coast town is thus launched into existence: A real estate dealer secures an option to purchase a certain tract of land; as it surveyed and sub-divided into lots, gives it a catching title like Azuca, Rosecrans, Providencia, Glendale, Melrose [illegible], San Juan-by-the-Sea, then [illegible] and craze. A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] upon the salubrity of the climate, the adaptability of the soil to raise everything under the sun, the excellence of the water, the unsurpassed [illegible] [illegible] and concludes a carefully worked up article by the [illegible], having paved the way for a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

BERRIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY M. S. HAYCRAFT.

"MARJERY, Margery, where are you?" Berrie Kitson cried from the hall; "do come down quickly, I have something to tell you—something splendid!"

"All right, I am coming; what is it?" and Margery, commonly called "Margery Daw," came sliding down the stairs. "What's the news, Black Berrie?"

"To-morrow's my birthday, and I'm going to have a party—a real party of my very own. See, mother has given me some cards and a pencil, and I'm going to write the invitations myself, and Tom will take them around this afternoon; I'll be nine to-morrow," and Berrie drew herself up proudly.

"I'm more than ten, and I can write ever so much nicer than you, Berrie; let me do them for you? I never had a birthday party," Margery cried eagerly. "Do let me do them, Bonnie Berry, there's a dear."

"No, I mustn't, mother said I was to do them my very self," and Berrie hid her cards and pencil hastily.

"I'll help you, then," Margery persisted, "and I'll draw you some pretty pictures in the corners."

"Children, children, Miss Bolton is waiting!" Mrs. Kitson said coming out of the dining-room. "How is it you are late again this morning, Margery?"

"I'm very sorry, Aunt Edith, but I was so late getting up that I had not time to put away my things, and Jane made me go back after breakfast—and please, aunt, may I do Berrie's cards?"

"I think, my dear, as it is Berrie's birthday she had better do them herself. When you have a party you can write your own. Now, then, off to lessons; and as we shall want the school-room to-morrow, perhaps Miss Bolton will give you a half-holiday."

"Oh, mother, how nice," Berrie cried. "I can write my notes so quietly there."

Very soon both children were busy over their lessons, and when they were finished Berrie hoped Margery would rush out of the room, as she did every other morning, to visit the rabbits and chicks.

Instead of that, Cousin Margery kept dancing about, clapping her hands, leaning over the table, and seriously interfering with Berrie's writing.

"Do please be quiet, Margery," Berrie cried at last. "You shake the table so I can't get on a bit, just look what a great b I've made."

"Well, why didn't you let me write them then?" Margery said defiantly. "You know I could do them better."

"But they're mine," pleaded Berrie humbly, for she was a little afraid of her wilful cousin.

"Do them then, and spoil them!" Margery cried with a scornful glance. "I don't care a bit now!" and she left the school-room and, sad to say, let the door after her.

Berrie, who was a gentle, sensitive little thing, began to cry. She did not want to be unkind to her cousin, because she had no home of her own, and her mother asked her to be kind and loving and patient towards a little girl who had no father or mother to love her, and who had been sadly spoiled.

Berry tried very hard, but Margery was a very trying little cousin to love and be patient with. She was so restless, so curious, so antic'y, and so fond of having her own way, that Berrie very often felt quite desperate indeed.

Then she was as mischievous as a monkey. She teased her uncle Aubrey, who only laughed at her; Jane, the nurse, who scolded; Miss Bolton, the daily governess, who often felt inclined to scold: teased the dog, the pussie, and would have teased Tom the gardener, only he gave her "a piece of his mind one day," and Margery, in consequence paid his domain very few visits.

But most of all she tormented poor little Berrie, who did not know what teasing meant till Margery came. Yet in spite of everything they all loved her; she was so bright and merry, so bristful of spirits, and so genuinely sorry when any of her jokes became serious and Aunt Edith felt constrained to give her a lecture.

As soon as Margery left the room Berrie gathered up her cards, envelopes, and pencil, and putting on her hat, left the school-room by the window.

"I'll go to the very end of the garden," she said to herself. "I can write nicely there, sitting under the trees. I know Margery will be too afraid of Tom to follow me."

So she found a beautiful sheltered spot in the very farthest corner, where there were tall fern-like plants, lovely mosses, and a little grassy bank to sit on.

There, after much deliberation as to whom she should invite to Berrie wrote her two precious cards in a pretty quaint hand, addressing them neatly—as far as she knew the addresses of her little friends—and felt very happy at having eluded the watchful, teasing Margery.

Then she ran home, thinking all the time of the wonderful fun they would have next afternoon—for she had invited her friends from "3 till 7"—of the pretty presents she was certain to receive from father and mother and everyone else in the house, thinking and feeling that there was never such a happy little girl as Berrie Kitson since the world began.

After showing the notes to her mother, Berrie fastened the envelopes, and put them on the hall table, just beside the posting, ready for Tom to deliver on his way back from the post-office, for Berrie's father and mother lived in a country village a long way from a town, and Tom had to ride every afternoon with the post-bag, and bring back the letters.

Then Berrie went to prepare for dinner, and presently Margery came bounding in, caught sight of the neat little packet of notes, and, after looking at the addresses, tossed them into the post-bag and fastened it up.

"Berrie will be so puzzled to know what has become of them!" she said with a mischievous laugh; "I'll not tell her till Tom is starting."

All during dinner-time the children could talk of nothing but the party—what games they would have, whether uncle Harry would bring his magic lantern, or grandpapa send a Punch and Judy—so the dinner lasted a long while.

Then Margery proposed they should go down and watch cook making the tarts and jellies. But busy Miss Margery was not wanted in the kitchen; so, as there was no lessons to be done, and Jane was "turning" out the school-room, she and Berrie went off for a ramble in the garden, and it was tea-time before they returned, and Margery had forgotten all about Tom and the posting.

The next day, at a quarter to three, Berrie and Margery were seated in great state in the school-room. Both were pretty new frocks and sashes just alike, both had the prettiest slippers, and both were radiant with excitement and expectation.

Berrie was nursing the loveliest dollie that came all the way from Paris, and her other beautiful presents were arranged on a table for her little friends to look at.

Every two minutes Margery flew to the window, wondering who would arrive first. But three o'clock struck, and a quarter-past, and half-past, but not one single visitor arrived, not even Lucy and Kitty Lee from the vicarage.

The children grew more and more excited; Mrs. Kitson looked perplexed.

"Are you sure you said three o'clock, Berrie dear?"

"Yes, mother; I'm quite, quite certain. Oh, Uncle Harry, do you think Tom could possibly have forgotten to deliver my notes?"

"It's not very likely, but I'll ask him," Uncle Harry replied good-naturedly.

"Tom!" Margery cried; "Tom!" and then, turning from the window, she burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, Aunt Edith, what shall I do? It's all my fault, but I did not mean it—indeed I didn't, it was only meant in fun."

"My dear, what do you mean?" Mrs. Kitson said gravely; "I don't understand you at all."

"It's all my fault that we shall have no party," Margery sobbed, looking around wildly for a way of escape. "When I came in yesterday and saw the cards in the hall I thought it would be such fun to hide them, so I popped them into the post-bag and shut it up; but I meant to tell Berrie when she missed them, only we went down-stairs to see cook, and she sent us out, and then, Aunt Edith, I forgot all about them till I heard Tom's name—I did indeed."

"Margery, how could you be so thoughtless as unkind!" Mrs. Kitson said gravely. "How could you spoil Berrie's birthday party."

"I did not mean it Aunt Edith! I did not mean it, Berrie dear! Please, please forgive me, and I'll try to be more thoughtful."

"More ills are wrought by want of thought, than people imagine, Margery," Mrs. Kitson said, still gravely. "However, Berrie is the most injured person, if she forgives you——"

"Yes, mother," Berrie cried, laying down her doll and kissing her cousin's tear-stained face. "I know Margery did not mean it, and I'm certain she will not play tricks again."

At that moment who should arrive but Kitty and Lucy Lee, and Willie and Jennie Harcourt, escorted by Uncle Harry!

"I've found out the secret," he said gravely. "Some one played tricks with the invitations, and when I am went for the mail he found them all at the post-office. He delivered as many as he could on his way home, but I fear it will be a very small party, Berrie."

"Never mind, Uncle Harry, we will be just as happy, and please, please don't be cross with poor Margery; she is so very sorry."

Uncle Harry said nothing; but before the evening was over he began to think that Margery had learned a very useful lesson from Berrie's birthday party.

FAITHFUL TO HER TRUST.

Far away in the mountains of Westmoreland there is a lonely ravine called Far Easedale, and here was once a cottage called Blentarn Ghyll, where a man named Green once lived with his wife and six children.

One day George Green and his wife went to a sale of furniture at Grasmere. Before starting they spoke kindly to their eldest girl Agnes, who was then only nine years old, and begged her to take special care of all her little brothers and sisters.

"We shall be home by night, dear," said Mrs. Green, "and you'll be a little mother to them while we are away, won't you?"

Agnes promised gaily, thinking it would be rather fun to be left in charge.

All went well till towards evening, when a terrible snow-storm came on. The white flakes fell so fast that the door was blocked up; worse than this, the snow made its way through the windows.

Having put the baby to bed, Agnes and the other children sat up till midnight, hoping that their parents would come, but not a sound was heard as the snow fell silently thicker and thicker.

In the morning the snow had stopped falling, but it lay so deep that Agnes dared not venture out.

The children were miserable, and Agnes, child as she was herself, forgot her own trouble in trying to cheer and comfort them.

Then she boiled what milk there was in the house to prevent its souring, and made some porridge for breakfast, eating very little herself, for she feared the little stock of meal might fail.

After breakfast she asked her two brothers to help her cut away from the door to the shed where the peat was kept, and they carried in as much as they could. They then closed the door till night came and they forgot their troubles in sleep.

The next day a strong wind had blown away so much snow that Agnes determined to try to find her way to Grasmere. It was a difficult task, for there were brooks to cross; but the brave girl was urged on by the memory of the little ones she had left behind, and made her way there.

Here she found that her father and mother had started for home on the first night. As they had not since been heard of, she had little doubt that they must have fallen into some hole or brook and have perished in the snow.

Still faithful to her trust, the poor child returned to the cottage, where she carefully watched over her brothers and sisters, until kind friends found new homes for the little orphans.

E. M. W.

THE ROCKING-HORSE.

BY HENRY PRITH.

MISS DOLLY'S toys were all telling each other their adventures, and it had now come the Rocking-Horse's turn. Its mistress, therefore, politely requested him to tell the company some of his adventures.

The Rocking-Horse bowed and smiled, showing all his teeth, and replied—

"I will tell you an incident in my past life, if you please, but I am usually so stationary that——"

"What's stationery?" inquired the Hand Spade of the Four-wheeled Dog.

"Pens, ink and paper were stationery in my shop," he replied. "Isn't that so, Mr. Soldier?"

"Yes, stationery, but he means stationary; being in one place, something like a sentry at 'attention,'" replied the Soldier.

"Hush!" whispered Dolly. "You are losing the Rocking-Horse's speech. Go on, Gee-Gee, please."

"My adventures have not been very wonderful," continued the Rocking-Horse, "but I was once in a house in which a curious thing happened, which I will tell you of. Please listen.

"Once upon a time I was bought, when quite a new horse, by a tall, grand gentleman and his wife, who put me on the top of a cab and drove me to their house, somewhere in London. When we got to the door a man with a white head and black whiskers opened the door to us, and as soon as I saw him I knew he was a bad man—a wicked man!"

"How *could* you tell that?" asked Dolly sweetly.

"Because he was a thief. He had come to our big shop with another man, and carried away some money. I knew him again, though he had put powder on his hair, and was dressed in grand clothes and silk stockings. You may think how surprised I was! I tried to call out, but I could not then. I nearly fell off the cab—I was so anxious to tell my master; but he only said, 'James, bring in the rocking-horse, please,' and went in.

"Oh, how I wished to bite and kick this James! He knocked my head against the door, and hurt one of my legs. Ah! could I only have spoken! Then I was carried upstairs by James and a boy with a lot of buttons on his jacket. A nice little boy he was, too. Often, when the children were out, Robert, as he was called, used to creep upstairs, and I would give him a ride on my back. He got on with me very well indeed.

"But after a short time the little children began to pull my mane, and hurt my tail. They annoyed me very much, so I used to throw them off sometimes. The nurse thought, no doubt, that rocking-horses have no feeling, that their tails may be pulled, and even pulled out, by children. But after a rocking-horse has been injured you will find that the children are off more frequently than they did when he was new. Why? Because he has been ill-treated and injured; he stumbles or breaks down, and down fall the little riders. No wonder!

"After a while, when I had lost my tail, most of my mane, had one leg badly strained, and some of my coat torn, I was sent downstairs to what is called a lumber-room.

"There I remained, visited only by my little page with the buttons. He used to gallop me up and down; and often, after his ride, the bad butler would come and beat him for riding, or for not doing something else in another part of the house. So the page only came late at night, or, at any rate, when it was dark.

"One evening Robert came in and left the door open. I was quite ready for him, and he was enjoying his ride, when suddenly he pulled me up on my haunches, and listened very hard. So did I. There were voices in the pantry—strange, low men's voices. Then we listened still harder, and one man said, 'All right, Jim, I'll come in about three: it will be done easy.'

"We were, as I told you, ladies and gentlemen, in the dark, so we watched closely, and saw the butler—the bad butler, James—letting a man out very quietly. Then he went up-stairs to the dining room, without cook or any other servant taking any particular notice of him or his friend.

"I thought a great deal, but could not speak; but Robert, the page, whispered to me—

"'Woa, old fellow! We will watch them, and spoil this game, won't we?'

"I bowed my head as he moved, and he knew I understood him. Then he got off and went away.

"After a long while I heard the page and the butler bringing down the plate—the silver things, which were locked in the pantry where bad James used to sleep. Then Robert went to his little room close by, the women servants went up to bed, and, to my surprise, James, the butler, crept quietly to the back door, and went out.

"Almost as soon as the door was shut Robert came out of his room with a candle, and looked about him. Then he went up stairs, and came back with my master and a man in a great dark coat, something like a soldier's."

"A policeman," said the toy Soldier.

"I suppose so," continued the Rocking-Horse. "They came down into the lumber room, leaving the door partly open, as it had been all the evening, and there they sat, waiting in the dark.

"They had been some time sitting with me when we all heard the back door open, and two figures with a lantern came in. They came very quietly along the passage, and went into the pantry; one man had a bag—a black bag—in his hand.

"We heard a little jingling like spoons and forks lifted up, but very faint. Then my master, who had a pistol, and the policeman, who had a short stick in his hand, crept out. The page remained near me, for his master had whispered to him to stay until he called out, and then run and fetch the policeman at the corner to help them.

"I could not see what happened, but I heard some high words and a noise of fighting. My master then fired his pistol, and called out. The page ran up-stairs and shouted, 'Help!' A policeman and a man—who looked like a cab-driver—came in soon after, and rushed into the pantry. Then the struggling soon ceased, and by the light of the candles which were brought I could see the butler and the other rough man led off by the policeman.

"Robert, the page boy, was rewarded, for he told me all about it, and talked it aloud to the servants some days while riding on me.

"Our master had the lumber-room cleared out, and found many things hidden there which had been forgotten years and years. The old toys were all given to the cook's son and the page boy. Robert chose me, and then sold me to a man, who carried me home, painted me up nicely, and gave me a new tail. Then I was taken to a shop, and after a while our Miss Dolly's mamma's brother bought me for his horse. Here I have stayed for a long while very happily. I need not say any more."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Dolly, when the Rocking-Horse had ceased speaking. "I am sure we are all much obliged to you for your tale."

The Rocking-Horse bowed and looked pleased.

"What became of the man who tried to steal the silver spoons?" asked the Puzzle.

"I cannot tell you," said the Horse. "They were punished somehow—put in prison, no doubt. Quite right, too."

"Crash! bang! rattle! crash!" remarked the Poker, which, as usual, came down with a terrible noise on the Fender. Every one was afraid, and said, "Hush!" The nurse was heard coming, so all the toys lay, or stood, quite still and silent until she had picked up the Poker. She called it "a tiresome thing," and then sat down near the fire. So the Toy-box Holiday for that evening was soon ended, and all the Toys went to sleep.

But, alas! next evening the news came upstairs that Miss Katinoon was going away and Dolly was to go with her. Oh, what sad news! The party would be quite broken up and the toys packed away.

They were separated that very day. The Dog got sold, the Horse took himself to auction to-morrow, the Spade fell into the box, the Poker crashed himself quite lame—and thus it was that the Toy-box stories came to an end.

At a family party a young prodigy was executing on the piano a symphony more or less (mostly less) pastoral. Parents and friends were in ecstacies. "Isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed an old aunt, speaking to the neighbor from next door, who had joined the party. "What splendid execution! You seem to hear the sound of the soldiers' footsteps dying away in the distance." "Ah," said the neighbor, "if they would only take the piano with them."

LITTLE DOT: "Mamma, Dick and I got married this morning." Mamma: "Yo did, did you? Who performed the ceremony?" "I don't know what you's talkin' about." "Well, how did you pretend that you were married?" "Oh! Why, I got my dishes an' set the table, an' then we both sat down, an' he said there wasn't a thing fit to eat, an' I said he was a brute, an' he went out an' slammed the door."

"HE LOVES ME."

BY M. G. WATKINS, M. A.

Dark cypresses adown the lawn
  Are trembling 'neath the breath of eve,
And 'midst the myrtles far withdrawn,
  Their saddened strains the bulbuls weave;
This fragrant moonlight should pour balm
  O'er souls distraught with cares and woe,
But I walk lonely—what shall calm
  The waves which constant tempests blow?

In vain beside the fountain's brink
  I linger, racked in heart and brain;
At times e'en hope o'erwhelmed will sink—
  Is loving quite an unmixed pain?
And faith—do whispered words hold true?
  Will stars avenge the vows they heard?
Fate in this lily's flower I'll view—
  Affection's fate too long deferred.

The gleaming flower I slowly raise,
  A petal falls—"he loves me!"—there!
This—that—another!—O amaze
  To touch the last I scarcely dare!
Pluck we up courage for the best—
  "He loves me!"—joy—shake, dusky domes,
Your orange blooms—I know the rest
  For through the roses, lo! he comes!

A MATTER OF BONES.

Let us suppose that a bone-collector has finished his daily round, and has got enough to make it worth his while to get rid of it. He goes to the bone-grinding works, and finds half-a-dozen others like-minded with himself, to convert their stock into cash.

When his turn comes, his lot is turned over and inspected very thoroughly, for somehow or other, bones collected from house to house seem to have a great attraction for pieces of old iron, old bricks, paving-stones, and other unconsidered trifles, which are very heavy, and yet perfectly valueless to the bone-dust maker. Having passed this ordeal, the lot is weighed and promptly paid for in the usual way, for, as may be imagined, in this trade there is no question of monthly accounts; no, the terms are strictly "cash on delivery."

But while this has been going on, there come up three or four carts full to overflowing with raw bones from the butchers, all the heads of oxen being symmetrically packed on top, teeth upwards.

Another cart will have two or three still more ghastly objects projecting above the sides, namely, the carcasses of dead horses, which are brought here from the horse slaughterer's. We all know dimly there is a trade so-called, but few people are aware what becomes of a horse when it has been sent to the knacker's. The flesh is cut off and boiled, and sold for dog's meat.

Suppose all the barrows and horse carts emptied of their contents, we can now follow the bones leisurely. They are all taken and thrown on the heap, already large, lying alongside the bone-mill. This is simply two rollers with sharp steel teeth revolving slowly by steam power, and fed by endless bands traveling in an inclined plane towards them.

On this the small bones are thrown with a spade, the bigger ones by hand—shanks, thighs, heads, ribs—and everything finds its way to the space between the rollers, and there, as may easily be imagined, something has to give way, and, needless to say, in this case it is not the steel teeth.

The bones thus roughly broken, fall down into a wheelbarrow placed beneath, which when full is at once wheeled up a plank to the top of the boiling-pan, into which it is emptied and brought back again to the mill, and so on till the pan is filled. Now let us see what is going to be done to the bones.

What does the careful housewife do with the bones, let us say with the remains of the piece of ribs which was finished to-day? She breaks them up, puts them in a pan with water and heats it; very soon some fat comes out, which is skimmed off; the pan is restored to the fire, and then the goodness, as it is called, comes out, and this, flavored in all sorts of ways, serves as soup, or as a foundation for soup.

This is exactly the process pursued in the bone works; only, instead of the ordinary kitchen pan, the boiling vessel is of enormous size, holding up to as much as ten tons, and, instead of the fire, the heat is applied in the form of a high-pressure of steam.

Under the influence of this powerful agent, the fat soon appears; is run off by well-known appliances; and becomes a merchantable article known as bone grease, bone fat, or bone tallow, and is used for all purposes to which tallow is devoted: soap-making, candle-making, or lubricating machinery.

The steam is still kept on, and in the course of time the gelatine makes its appearance—the "goodness," as it is called in the home circle. At the proper moment, dictated by appearance, this is run off into large iron tanks; a black, thick, vicious, strong-smelling substance, which is now known as glue size, or soft glue, and which at various strengths or densities, is largely used by dyers, finishers, and calico printers in the preparation of textile fabrics, such as cotton prints, moie-skins, cords, fustians, velvetees, and so on.

Boiled down still further to expel more water, and then sliced with a sharp knife and hung on strings in a current of dry air, we arrive at the well-known hard glue, which everybody knows, and which, by-the-bye, is the only glue known to the world at large, outside the special trades which use the "soft" article.

Now, what remains in the pan? Nothing but bone, pure unadulterated phosphate of lime, with a small percentage of the phosphates of potash and magnesia.

Nothing further is to be got out of it, everything has been utilized; it only needs to be further crushed, to meet the requirements of the market, into half-inch or quarter-inch bones, or still further, into what is known as bone meal, and then it is ready to be carried on to the farmer's field, to undergo the alterations of heat and cold, of day and night, and to come under all those influences which are briefly comprehended in the term "weathering."

Under these circumstances the phosphate of lime is carried into the soil, is taken up by the crop, which in time finds its way to man and the lower animals, and the same process is repeated over and over again.

SELF DEPRECIATION partakes of the same character as self-assumption. Both come from over-thought of self, and both vanish when self is merged in something else. Just as soon as we are earnestly anxious for some result, we begin to work for it, without stopping to gauge our powers or to think anything at all about them. The mother who ardently loves her child and desires his best good does not spend her time in bewailing her unfitness to take care of him. She begins at once, and does her best, and her power grows with every effort. The business man with a family upon him does not delay providing for them because he distrusts his ability to do so; he forgets to consider that, and simply pursues his work as well as he can. So in every instance, if the self-depreciative will cease thinking about themselves at all, and devote all their thought and energy to the duty in hand, they will find their strength and fitness for the work grow with exercise, and the fears which have stood in the way of success will melt away.

Grains of Gold.

A homely truth is better than a splendid error.

Make allowance for the infirmities of others.

Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.

It is a joy to think the best we can of human kind.

Treachery and falsehood are the vices of cowardice.

It is easy to find reasons why other folks should be patient.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

Do not consider everything impossible that you cannot perform.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

Perseverance, to receive a rich reward, must have an object worthy of it.

The more you murmur against your cross, the greater its burden will be.

There are never too many flowers in this world, and not one kind word too many has yet been spoken.

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.

Nothing is more common or more fatal than the grasping of an advantage at the cost of ten times its value.

So our lives glide on; the river ends we don't know where, and the sea begins, and then there is no more jumping ashore.

Conversation never sits easier than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.

Femininities.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Green tansy hung up in a closet keeps out moths.

All our chief cities have male dress makers now.

Three courts have decided that a marriage by telegraph is illegal.

The leading flower of fashion in London at present is the daffodil.

A machine has been invented that will sew on 3000 buttons in one day.

Ladies never assert themselves, for they know that their position is asserted.

A 6 year-old child being asked, "What is a rope?" replied, "A fat string."

Good carpets from common moss are the production of a French manufacturer.

It is a pity that our neighbors do not know as well as we do what is best for them.

Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of egg.

Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.

A lady is a human being of feminine gender who is not afraid to be called a woman.

A woman burglar has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment in California.

A Houston, Texas, woman, has a pet alligator that wags his tail when his name is called.

Saleswomen in several dry goods houses in Cleveland, O., are fined a cent every time they use a slang word.

Humility, sweet as it may be as a trait of character, may degenerate into vice, if not upheld by self-respect.

A brilliant black varnish for iron stoves and fireplaces is made by stirring ivory black into ordinary shellac varnish.

The first exclamation of a belle on entering the cathedral at Milan was, "Oh, what a church to get married in!"

The young girl who wishes to appear industrious wears at her belt long ribbons, to which are attached needlebook and scissors.

A weak carbolic acid solution rubbed over the skin will, it is said, effectually drive away mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

A new employment for women is the inlaying of furniture. Woman's delicacy of touch is said to be particularly desirable in this business.

Elephant herds are always led by female elephants. Just the same the world over. If anything is heard the female takes the lead in circulating it.

Stories heard at mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journeyings through scorching years.

Children frequently squint. If slight, this is easily prevented by bandaging the eye that does not squint, and this will compel the squinting eye to look straight.

When a man thinks he has got a great head he allows his hair to grow long. When a woman thinks she has a mission to perform in life, she cuts her hair off short.

Says a writer: "I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of the mothers shall occasionally be visited on the children, as well as the sins of a father."

Parisian dames who are guests at the European spas have set the fashion of carrying a small gold drinking-cup attached to the massive chain girdle, without which they consider no out-door costume complete.

A new trade for women in Albany is that of "neighboring darner." The woman who follows it has for her customers about 25 households, each of which she visits weekly, and spends a few hours in doing up the family darning and mending.

Base ball excitement is so intense in Frederick City, Md., that recently when a young man was in the act of proposing to one of the many pretty girls of that pleasant city, she interrupted him with the words, "Never mind that! What's the score?"

Mamma: "What's the matter, Bertie? I thought that you would stay and play with Tommy Carroll all the afternoon." Bertie: "Tommy hasn't any fun in him." Mamma: "He hasn't?" Bertie. "No! We was playin' horse, and every time I hit him with the whip he cried."

"Why is your teacher so severe with you? She seems a pleasant sort of maiden lady," observed a mother to her complaining little daughter, just from school. "I don't know, mamma," was the reply; "but she doesn't seem to remember so far back as when she was a child."

When the relief committee looked up the sufferers after a recent destructive storm in Dakota, a woman was found who had lost all her clothing and had to borrow a dress. In giving her a new outfit she was asked to state the articles needed, the first on her list was a bustle. The committee, being men, were surprised.

A young widow, in erecting a monument to the "dear departed," cleverly made use of the opportunity to advertise her fair self. This was the inscription on the tomb. "Sacred to the memory of Malthusia Bezuchet, who departed this life, aged 48 years, deeply regretting the necessity of parting with the most charming and the best of women."

A man invented a mechanical doll that cries like a baby, says an exchange. But can it crow like a baby? Can it kick up its heels and smile at you like a blue sky on an April day? Can it possess itself with those admirable qualities that cause its mother to ask: "Ain't it like its father? Hain't it got his very eyes, his mouth, his expression, his very way about him?" If it can't, the mechanical doll is a miserable failure as far as it is intended to be a substitute for a baby.

Masculinities.

A Baltimore doctor says that laziness is one means of longevity.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

The Chinese always weep at their weddings. As usual, the Chinese are ahead.

A Providence man was turned gray by creosote, applied in mistake for hair oil.

A wealthy grandfather always receives the respect and veneration due to old age.

If some men knew as much as they talked there wouldn't be any sale for the encyclopedia.

During the last year no fewer than 5,000 regular soldiers deserted from the ranks of the British army.

French army surgeons say that a great deal of the sickness amongst soldiers is caused by the use of tobacco.

The chief of the Ojibbiway Indians is a visitor to London. He is an ordained clergyman of the Church of England.

A French doctor suggests a novel cure for seasickness, namely, the excoriation or scratching of the skin above and behind the ears.

To whiten tarnished silver thimble, rub with a brush and oxalic acid, and wash clean with warm soap and water; polish with rouge on a brush.

The Sultan of Turkey heads the list of luxuriant rulers. His personal expenses are estimated at $10,000,000 per annum. He is only 38 years of age.

The best way to please a man is to tell him what he thinks of himself. The best way to please a woman is to tell her what she thinks of herself.

An article is printed on "How to Treat Your Wife." One good way would be to treat her as well as you did before you married her; but few men do that.

A Hoosier lover jilted his girl, and she expressed her opinion of him by biting his thumb off. The youth regrets that he did not keep his hand in his pocket.

A pretty present for bridesmaids is a ring with the Christian name of each in precious stones; the letters are raised and quite small, so that they are very inexpensive.

A Hartford lady, who was living with her second husband, explained that she noticed very little difference between the two—hardly enough to pay her for getting married again.

Young Husband (to wife): "Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you?" Young Wife: "I know. That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram!"

"You want a keepsake that will always remind you of me?" she said. "I do, darling," he said tenderly. "What's the matter with myself?" she whispered. There will be a wedding shortly.

There are 2,400 unmarried women in the foreign missionary field. A hateful old bachelor suggests that they go into the field because they are determined to boss somebody, if only a heathen male.

An enterprising native proposes to level down the Falls of Niagara. His process is by expanding the space in which the water is confined, and the power he would use to get that space is nitroglycerine.

Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, be they few or many, small or great, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

He was a carpenter. He had lifted his hammer to strike a nail. Did he strike? Not much! He paused; then returned his hammer to his box. The twelve o'clock whistle had blown. He was working by the day.

Good fortune and bad are equally necessary to man to fit him to meet the contingencies of life. Few men who have not experienced the vicissitudes of fortune know how to bear them with firmness or are fit to meet them.

Married folks would be happier if wives and husbands would take their pleasures as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to try and get along without it is a great mistake.

"How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" asks an inquirer. Well, it's just possible that a girl who has taught school is afraid to marry. She knows just what sort of cubs most men were when they were young.

Little girl: "Papa, did mamma say 'yes' to you right off when you asked her to marry you?" Papa: "Certainly she did." Little girl: "Why is it she don't say 'yes' now just as quick, when you ask her to do things?" Papa: "Mamma's hearing is not so good now, darling—that's all."

A novelty in the way of attraction to church was tried the other night at Richmond. After the service there was a new fantasia on the trombone with organ accompaniment, written specially for the occasion. After that it will not do to be too hard on the big drum of the Salvation Army.

"Can you tell me," said a rich young fop to a poor but beautiful girl, "why it is that ladies nowadays look so much to money in the matter of marriage?" She looked him coolly over and answered: "I suppose it is because they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having."

General Wolseley, as adjutant-general of the British army, receives a salary of $13,50; while Field Marshal Von Moltke, one of the greatest generals of modern times, who performs the same duties in the German army, gets only $5,000, and the adjutant-general of the French army only has $4,000.

"What was it that ma said to you when you came in?" whispered young Bobby to Featherly, one of the guests. "Oh, simply that she was delighted to see me—that was all, Bobby!" "I'm glad of it," said Bobby, and a look of genuine relief came over his face, "'cause she said this morning that she hoped you wouldn't come."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

All desiring to keep within the march of the great sanitary questions of the day, will find that most excellent magazine, *The Sanitarian*, an intelligent teacher and guide. Published at 113 Fulton street, New York.

In the *American Magazine* for August Z. L. White has an excellent account of the United States Supreme Court, its members and officers, illustrated with portraits. The article "Along the Caribbean," by Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, gives some very attractive pictures of life in Venezuela, and of the progress, educational and otherwise, which that Republic has made under the rule of President Guzman Blanco. Its future, however, he thinks no man can predict, everything depending upon political rest, advance in popular education and continuous immigration. Theodore H. Mead treats of "English Wayside Birds." I. Edwards Clarke discusses "The New Era in Education," and there is a very interesting installment of Edgar Fawcett's novel, "Olivia Delaplaine." Published at Brooklyn, N. Y.

The opening article in the August number of *The Popular Science Monthly* is the second of Hon. David A. Wells papers on "The Economic Disturbances Since 1873." Ex-President A. D. White continues his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," dealing with the middle age ecclesiastical views respecting meteorological phenomena. In the "Falls of the Mississippi," J. A. Keyes advances a new theory. In the third paper of his "Astronomy With a Opera Glass," Mr. Serviss describes and illustrates pictorially what can be seen in the moon and the sun with that handy little instrument. Grant Allen gives a review of "The Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886." A biographical sketch and a portrait are given of Paul Gervais, a French zoologist and paleontologist. There are several other papers of marked ability and interest. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In view of the live topics discussed in *The Forum* for August—some of them of most vital importance, and not an article of indifferent interest—and the well-known ability of the writers, we cannot do better in the brief space which we can occupy at this time than to give the table of contents as follows: "Return of the Republican Party," by Gov. J. B. Foraker; "Has Ireland a Grievance?" by Lord Brampwell; "The Forgotten Cause of Poverty," by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; "Books that Have Helped Me," by Edward Eggleston; "An Outside Review of Revivals," by Prof. C. C. Everett; "What is the Object of Life?" by W. H. Mallock; "The Choice of an Occupation," by Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale; "Alcohol in High Latitudes," by Gen. A. W. Greely," "Why We Have No Great Artists," "Progress of Co-education," "Conditions of Indu trial Peace." The Forum Company, New York.

"A Dark Night's Work," the story opening the August *Wide Awake*, concerns a plucky lad, who, however sleepy, was sufficiently wide awake enough to establish his father's claim to a "quarter section" in Dakota. "How Ned Scaled Mt. Washington" is an other first-rate true story. E. S. Brooks' capital paper, "Summer Sports," with its five spirited full-page drawings, concerns boys especially, though the girls come in gayly at lawn tennis and croquet. Mrs. Champney's Indian serial, "The Lost Medicine of the Utes," is continued, with the other serials. Lovers of historical reading will welcome, "Concord, its Ways and By-ways;" the "La Rose Blanche" war-story is exciting and important; "Fairy Folk All," "Bird Talk," poems, a biography of Mrs. Candace Wheeler, with portraits of Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Dora Wheeler, "Animals and Their Young," a railroad building chapter in the business serial, "A Young Prince of Commerce," "Prize Questions in Greek History," "Tangles," and letters from the children, abundance of pictures, and a bright "Contributors' Club," make up a specially good vacation number. The *Wide Awake* is $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston Mass.

The midsummer (August) *Century* is a very attractive number. It opens with a breezy paper of holiday adventure entitled "Snubbin' Thro' Jersey," describing with pen and pencil a vacation trip made by artists in a canal boat. Gen. A. W. Greely describes an episode of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, under the title of "Our Kivigtok," illustrated. A short paper by Wm. Earl Hidden, is entitled, "Is it a Piece of a Comet?" accompanied by accurate drawings, of natural size, of a meteorite which fell near Mazapil, Mexico, on November 27, 1885. The Lincoln History is continued. "War Papers" include two important articles, "Opposing Sherman's Advance to Atlanta," and "Hood's Invasion of Tennessee." The solid paper of the number is by Mr. Edward Atkinson, and has the title, "Low Prices, High Wages, Small Profits. What Makes Them?" The fiction comprises the beginning of a three part story by Joel Chandler Harris—"Uncle Remus," an installment of Mr. Stockton's "The Hundreth Man," and a humorous sketch by Eva M. De Jarnette. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, apropos of a paper on "The Songs of the War." Poetry, "Memoranda of the War," and the three departments fill out an eminently strong number of this first-class American magazine. Published by The Century Co., New York.

A Blue-Cap Mutiny.

BY A. O. R.

IT is necessary to glance back some forty years across the pages of modern history to recall an incident which—scarcely noticed in the rush of great events with which it was in some sort connected—seems to add a graphic episode to military story. It was related to me by an eye-witness, a gallant soldier whom, but a few months since I followed to his grave.

The circumstances occurred at a period of the first Carlist war in Spain, when the contending parties were so evenly balanced that one signal success, or even a daring movement, might have turned the whole tide of war and changed a dynasty.

In more than one province Carlism was triumphant. The army of the queen-regent, Maria Christina, was under the command of General Espartero, subsequently Duke of Vittoria and, after sundry revolutions, Regent of Spain.

Attached to this latter—the "Christino" force, was a certain corps of picked men, known as the "Chapelgorris" or "blue-caps."

This regiment—a thousand strong—had been recruited principally from the better classes of Spanish society, and numbered in its ranks many young men of gentle and noble birth, fond of adventure and ready for any service however dangerous, on which they might be ordered. Brave as lions, they nevertheless lacked the discipline without which the best troops must prove at times inefficient.

Great care had consequently been taken to place them under an officer who might at once command their attachment, and cause them to respect his rule.

Such a man had been found in the person of Colonel Carmina, a distinguished veteran, known to the whole army as being as just and as humane, as he was resolute in executing the difficult duty confided to him.

It chanced that the Chapelgorris were stationed at Zaragoza, when they were suddenly ordered to join the grand army under Espartero, about to commence its march to confront the entire Carlist force which had invaded the adjacent province. At that moment the feelings of this excitable corps had been roused to an unusual degree by some painful but necessary examples.

Whether the moment was deemed ill-chosen, or that the tone adopted by the remonstrants was too dictatorial—perhaps for both reasons—the request was met by a brief and stern rejection. The regiment was ordered to commence its march on the following day.

This brought matters to a climax. A disorderly meeting was at once held by the malcontents—who, indeed, comprised nearly the whole regiment—and it was unanimously agreed to proceed in a body to the square in front of the town-hall, and make their complaints heard.

Unfortunately, as it happened, the men, who had been engaged in cleaning their arms, shouldered their muskets, and at once hurried to the rendezvous.

Here they were met by one or two of their chief officers, who endeavored, but in vain, to induce them to disperse; and so threatening was the aspect of affairs that the Colonel—at that moment visiting an outquarter some miles distant—was summoned in eager haste to the spot.

Meanwhile the disturbance had been augmented by the ill-judged interference of the civil guard, and shots had been exchanged, when Carmina, with his aide-de-camp, arrived at full gallop, and joined the group of officers assembled on the steps of the town-hall.

His white hair, as he uncovered to return the salute that greeted him, caught every eye, and for a moment calmed the tumult sufficiently to allow of his comprehending the appeal now addressed to him. But the firing had reached his ears, and the veteran commander had but one answer to return:

"With arms in your hands? Never!"

They were the last words he was destined to utter. Whether the shout that followed was misinterpreted by those more distant as an expression of disappointment and defiance, was never clearly ascertained; but the conflict with the civil guard recommenced, firing began in new directions, and a volley aimed at the town hall stretched the brave old Colonel dead, mortally wounded two other officers, and inflicted slighter injuries on several of the rest.

After this exploit, the spirit of the furious soldiery underwent a sudden change. As if conscience-stricken by the enormity of their cowardly crime, they stole away in every direction, leaving no trace of what had occurred, save the terrible witness of the bloodstained platform, from which the victims of this tragedy were being mournfully borne away.

Notice of the event described found Espartero on the point of marching to attack the Carlists; but, rigid disciplinarian as he was, the exigencies of the moment forbade further action in the matter, and he contented himself with sternly forbidding the mutinous Chapelgorris to join his forward movement.

Three days later, after a decisive victory, the General retraced his steps, halting, however, at Zaragoza, where he issued orders for a grand review of the whole army on the morrow.

The spectacle next day was imposing, as the July sun shone brilliantly on the victorious army, formed in three sides of a square, the city walls forming the fourth. The Chapelgorris occupied, as had been their custom, a position in the centre.

All being ready, the gates were thrown open, and Espartero, followed by a numerous staff—of whom my informant was one—rode slowly out.

It was remarked that, contrary to his custom—except when royalty was present at such ceremonies—he was in full uniform, and wore his many decorations.

His face was deathly pale. Passing along the whole array, halting at the head of each regiment, to distribute rewards and words of commendation, referring to their conduct in the recent action, he at last approached the peccant blue-caps, hitherto sullen spectators of the bestowal of rewards and honors, in which, but for their crime, they would, no doubt, have largely shared.

After a pause, the word was given, "Order arms!" Down went the muskets. But the next order: "Pile arms, and retire fifty paces to the rear!" was not so readily obeyed.

It had a sinister sound, and men glanced at each other, right and left, as if to see what support disobedience would receive.

The next moment, at some probably preconcerted signal, a line of cavalry opened, and disclosed three field batteries unlimbered, with their guns so disposed as to concentrate their fire on the hesitating regiment.

The hint was taken, and the order obeyed, when the cavalry, advancing, drew up between the men and their piled arms, while Espartero rode, as slowly as his horse could walk, along the agitated line. Returning to their centre, he addressed them thus:

"Soldiers, I have inspected your line, and have missed more than one well-known face. Among these, that of my old friend and brother-in-arms, the brave Carmina. I am here to demand him of you."

A bewildered pause. No man among them replied.

"I will tell you where he is," resumed the General's deep voice, as his sword flashed from the scabbard, and he pointed it towards the cemetery, outside the city walls. "He lies there, in the bloody grave that you—his soldiers, whom he has often led to victory—provided for him. Five minutes to produce his assassins."

More than one bronzed and reckless face grew pale; but none stirred or offered answer.

"Five minutes more," said Espartero.

The time elapsed.

"The regiment will be decimated," was the chief's stern sentence.

Infantry and cavalry at once closed around the doomed regiment, while the provost-marshal, with his escort, commencing from the left, selected every tenth man, and drew them up in line—one hundred strong.

Espartero gazed gloomily down the line of the condemned—fine, soldier-like fellows, not a few of them descended from the best blood of Spain, and seemed somewhat irresolute.

"Mutineers and murderers as you are," he said, "I cannot bring myself to shed so much Spanish blood. But an example is demanded. You will be decimated again, and the ten be shot before I quit this ground."

The selection made, "A priest and a firing party," was the next command.

After a brief shift the condemned were conducted a few paces to the rear, and ordered to stand facing the city-walls, with their backs to the executing party—a position assigned to mutineers and traitors.

One of the ten—a young man of noble presence—turned suddenly around.

"Take my life, General," he called out, in a clear, ringing tone; "but I am neither traitor nor murderer, and will not disgrace my name by dying as one."

Espartero's inflexible face never changed its expression, but a sergeant attached to the provost-marshal's guard left out without permission, and approached the General, saluting; he wore two decorations.

"Well, sir?" asked Espartero sternly.

"General, that man is innocent," the man replied. "I was told off with others to report on the disturbance. He was without arms and took no part in the mutiny. More than that, I was beside him when the volley that killed the Colonel was fired, and noticed him strike up the muskets of those nearest, to distract their aim."

"You are so well-informed, sir," with a half contemptuous smile, "that you can doubtless tell us who did direct his fire upon the murdered officers. Otherwise, the execution must proceed."

"I can, General," answered the sergeant. "His name is Pedro Gomez. He lies wounded in the hospital. Ward L., bed Thirty-five."

"Fall in, sir," said Espartero, and calling an aide-de-camp, ordered that the execution be delayed for half an hour, and that Pedro Gomez, wounded or otherwise, be transported to the spot.

This was at once done. Gomez, who had been slightly wounded during the desultory firing in the market-place, had managed, under cover of the trifling hurt, to take refuge in the hospital.

Carried to the spot where his—perhaps less guilty—comrades waited to expiate the general crime, he was substituted for the youth whom the sergeant's timely interference had saved, and the sentence was carried out.

ON one of the hot nights of last week Michael Kirby, of New York, crawled out of his window and lay down to sleep on the metal cornice above a butcher shop on the first floor. He rolled off while asleep and, was impaled on the sharp meat hooks below. The doctors predict recovery, although the muscles of his back and legs were nearly severed.

OLD-TIME MEDICINE.—A ring made of the hinge of a coffin was credited with the power of relieving cramps, which also received solace when a rusty old sword was hung up by the patient's bedside. Nails driven into an oak tree were not a cure, but a preventive against toothache. A halter which had served to hang a criminal withal, when bound round the temple, was found an infallible remedy for headache. A dead man's hand could dispel tumors of the glands by striking the parts nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows tree was, we need hardly say, a remedy infinitely more efficacious.

Some of these remedies still exist among the superstitious poor of the provinces, although the formula, of course, is not now strictly adhered to, the game being emphatically "hardly worth the candle." To cure warts, for instance, the best thing was to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, after which it was to be interred, and as the beef decomposition went on the warts would wither and disappear.

The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, were pronounced an infallible cure for the ague. The nightmare, supposed, of course, to be caused by supernatural agency, was banished by means of a stone with a hole in it being suspended at the head of the sufferer's bed.

This last remedy went by the name of "hag-stone," because it prevented the witches, who, of course, wrought the mischief, from sitting on the patient's stomach. Its effect upon these mischievous old crones was singularly deterrent. The poor old creatures, who could not have sat a horse the moment he began to walk, were credited with riding these animals over the moorland at headlong speed, in the dead of night, when better-disposed and less frisky people were wrapped in slumber. A "hag-stone" tied to the key of the stable door at once put a stop to these heathenish vagaries.

OUR UNKNOWN INFLUENCE.—All of us know that we have a certain influence with others. Those whom we know intimately come to us perhaps for counsel or advice, and we realize with them we must be cautious and weigh well every word. Still I am satisfied that it is with those whom we never meet, or meet, it may be, but once in a lifetime, that our remarks have the most weight. It is with those whom we have no thought of influencing that our words or deeds find place and remembrance, and are thought of and acted upon.

How many there are who revolve from day to day some weighty question in their mind, undecided in what way to act. Some chance remark reaches the ear; a decision is at once arrived at. That word or sentence was just what had been needed, and it is never forgotten, for it marks a turning point in the life.

If we look back in our own lives we shall be sure to find that many of our most intense ideas of men and things, and some of the most firmly fixed impressions we entertain in regards to places or events are those that have come to us, and not the ones we sought or desired to possess.

We cannot, because this is so, refuse ourselves the pleasure of airing our opinions and helping to decide certain knotty questions of the hour.

The man on the fence may feel safe, but it is when he jumps that he throws the whole weight of his act and his influence, either on one side or the other, and becomes really of some importance. SYLVIA A. MOSS.

NEIL CAULFIELD, an English resident of New Brunswick, N. J., had his wife arrested on a curious complaint. He had been in the habit of staying out late at night. His wife protested, and, arguments failing, finally locked the door and refused to allow him entrance. He returned the next day but she was still obdurate. After trying repeatedly for two weeks to get an entrance into his own house he gave up the task and made complaint against his wife.

WANAMAKER'S

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Cheviot all-wool check suitings, 3 styles, 32 colorings, 36 inch, 37½ cents. Serviceable, seasonable, stylish.

Printed Flannels, striped and figured; for Tennis or Boating, 75 cents.

Mixed Camel's Hair, soft and clinging, 3 shades; 44 inch, 37½ cents.

Poules, like Camel's Hair in weave and texture, but no scattered surface hairs, 75c. to $1.25.

The same, a little narrower, a little coarser, 45 to 65 cents.

Plain all-wool Veiling, 10 colors, street shades; 40 in., 55 cents to 85.

Albatross, the same, 50 cents to $1.

Crocodile Cottons, very light and very rough, 25 cents from 50.

Pure Silk Gloves, all the new shades, 39 cents.

Suede Gloves, 4-button, embroidered, 65 cents.

Mousquetaire Suede Gloves, 6-button, plain, 75 cts embroidered $1.

Black Satin Parasols, $1.50, worth $3.

Good Black or Colored Satin Parasols, $1.39.

Cashmere Shawls, fine and soft; cream, cardinal, blue, or pink, $1.25 up.

Shoes for Seaside, Mountain or Tennis. Knobbly Rubber bottoms, light canvas tops. Buff, gray or black, $1 to $3.

If you don't know precisely what you want, when you write for samples or goods, say something that'll help us to pick for you.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Behind him closed the college gates,
  Away to enter life he sped;
"Success now my endeavor waits,
  For I know everything," he said.

The youth a fortune to amass
  Adopted every honest plan;
'Twas vain; he found himself, alas!
  A sad and disappointed man.

With growing age he wiser grew,
  And when he reached life's closing stage,
He sighed, how much to youth I knew,
  How very little in mine age!

—U. N. NONE.

A busy bill sticker—The mosquito.

Wants the earth—A shipwrecked mariner.

How to gain flesh—Buy out a butcher shop.

Felt slippers—Those applied to unruly youngsters.

Most of the time in hot water—The washerwoman.

It is presumed that the man who jumped out of the frying pan into the fire was greeted by the inquiry, "Is this not enough for you?"

The most cautious man we ever knew was the one who was afraid to buy a lead pencil for fear the lead did not reach clear through it.

Polite burglar: "Madame, you are too young to wear such unfashionable jewelry; you must really permit me to recommend a new set."

If you wish to know just how little patience you have left, try to raise a refractory car window to please a fidgety woman on a hot day.

"I feel very much put out by such discourteous treatment," said the lover as he found himself landed on the sidewalk by the irate father.

Mrs. Murphy: "I say, Pat, what would ye do if the old house would tumble on yez, and crush yez to death?" Pat: "Faix, I'd fly for me loife."

A scientist declares that rocking-chairs make people deaf and near-sighted. We have noticed this, especially when two young people are in the rocking-chair.

"I wonder how the ice cream is in there?" she thoughtfully observed. "Cold, I suppose!" was the chilling response, and they continued their walk.

A man recently astonished his wife by coming home with two black eyes. "What have you been doing?" she asked. "Getting a pair of socks," he replied.

A wit, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence, "Beware of the dog!" There not being any sign of a dog, the wit wrote on the board, "Ware be the dog?"

When Jones heard it remarked that the less a man drank in warm weather the cooler he was, he wanted to know how much drink he would have to go without in order to freeze to death.

A lady took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instanter. "Sit down," said the mother. "I won't!" he shouted; "I want to see the monkey."

A young doctor, in a new settlement, being asked to contribute towards enclosing and ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly replied that if he filled it he thought that he should do his part.

Mr. Sissy: "Yaas, I don't deny that I am an Anglomaniac. I thought you knew that, Miss Maude." Miss Maude: "I knew you were something of a maniac, Mr. Sissy, but I didn't know what kind."

Alpine tourist, to guide: "If you were to see me fall down this frightful precipice it would give you a great shock, would it not?" Guide: "Not at all. I have collected my fee of you in advance."

It was summer and Newport. He came there; we met. He was handsome and hasty, I a coquette. He proposed; I refused him. I loved him. But then I thought, don't you see, he would ask me again. But he didn't.

The three reasons which a good woman presented for objecting to a preacher were striking ones. She said that, in the first place, he read his sermon; in the second, he did not read it well; and in the third place, it was not worth reading.

"Where do flies come from?" querulously demands old Mr. Grannybags, waving his hands frantically over his tormented head. "That isn't the question," replied his equally tormented partner; "when are they going back again? that's what I am anxious to know."

"Yes," said the lady lecturer, "women have been wronged for ages; they have suffered in thousands of ways." "There's one way they never suffered in," said a hen-pecked man, rising. "What is that?" demanded the lecturer. "They have never suffered in silence."

In a country choir, during the sermon, one of the quartet fell asleep. "Now's your chance!" said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor." "You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto. "You would wake hymn up," suggested the bass, "I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm!" remarked the boy that blew the bellows, but he said it solo that no one quartet.

"How is the work progressing in Dakota?" asked a Boston minister of a good brother at a church anniversary the other day. "Well, I am getting along pretty well; but still it's rather discouraging. The first week I went there I had big congregations. One day there were 120 down on their knees weeping and praying. A man came in and said there were two detectives coming down the road, and every blessed person got up and skipped out."

CHINA AS IT IS.

The Chinese language is not so destitute of delicate turns as is generally believed. The people are still extremely superstitious and prejudiced.

Although they acknowledge the superiority of foreign surgery, they prefer their native doctors, and it would be dangerous for a foreigner to undertake any operation. No experienced physician, either, would like to trust medicine to his Chinese patient without strict supervision. Chinese indifference is still worse than Chinese superstition.

"The Chinese is born a man, lives a dog, and dies an ass."

No assistance can be found in that country, where one has to rely on himself and believe no man. The want of a sense of the common good, and of all self-sacrifice, is so great that all the celebrated buildings, such as the temples and royal tombs, many of which are beautiful, fall into decay. There are no buildings in China older than three hundred years.

Communication by road is only kept up where least difficult; agriculture is in the same state as a thousand years ago. The manufacture of silk decays, and machines have no chance against the cheap manual labor.

The population is less than is believed. Though the towns are crowded, the country is waste and deserted. The Chinese themselves think that the population is greatly overestimated.

Pekin has a superficies of about three and one-tenth square miles, and there are a great many open spaces in the city, while almost all the houses are small and of only one story.

The number of inhabitants, instead of being millions, is at most 500,000 souls. Tien-tsin, the population of which is given at 950,000, has probably only 70,000 to 80,000. Neither is the country rich. An official with a salary of 30 dollars a month marries and lives very well.

HIS "BEST GIRL."—"How much does your best girl cost you, old fellow?" was plumped at a beardless boy who makes his bread and butter, about $8 a week, in the carpenter trade. After demurring, as usual, over looking at the sentimental affair in so practical a light, his objections were finally overruled, and he consented to talk. "Me and my girl take in all the museums shows. Ten weeks of museums at 20 cents a week makes $2. All the girls hanker after ice-cream, and I generally put up $2 on ice-cream. I have to get her ten cents worth of taffy off and on. That comes to 75 cents easy. In summer-time we get rockaway and go to two big blow-outs anyway—most generally picnics; with the car-fare that comes to $8. Other evenings we go to the parks and freeze to one of them benches. That don't cost nothing except the car fare. Sixty cents would about settle that, for sometimes we walk, don't you see. When Christmas comes I do the grand, and buy a pair of earrings or some other piece of finery, the kind girls like, and never pay less than $2 neither. Let's see, $2, $2, 75c., $1, 60c., $2, comes to $10.35. My girl says that's good enough for her."

AN Arkansaw lad, 10 years of age, who sought to spite his mother for a "dreadful wrong" she had done him, climbed a tree and declared his intention of remaining there during the night. After an hour's vainful attempt on the part of the mother to persuade the lad to descend, she called on the town marshall, who lowered the refractory youngster to terra firma with a rope.

SUSANNA MADORA SALTER, Mayor of Argonia, Kansas, is having a very successful administration. When she was elected to her present office her enemies predicted that she would make a failure of her effort to run the municipal affairs of Argonia.

EVERY part of the body and every faculty of the mind is developed by exercise; the same is true of the moral character.

IF you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is law.

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THE official report of the Russian army lately published contains the following particulars: On the 1st of January, 1887, there were 824,762 men, including 8000 volunteers, in the active army. The reserve amounted to 1,600,815 in addition, thus making a total of 2,425,577 soldiers whom Russia could bring into the field at need. In Germany the maximum of the regular army and the Landwehr combined is computed at 1,800,000 men. Moreover, Russia has at its disposal 2,160,000 militia liable to be called upon in time of war to recruit the ranks of the regular army. The number of young men annually liable to the conscription is 852,000, of whom about one-half are exempted by lot. If the term of service were reduced from five to three years the State would in a short time be able to have 4,000,000 regular troops without having recourse to the militia reserves.

For Good Purposes.

Mrs. M. A. Dauphin, of Philadelphia, is well known to the ladies of that city from the great good she has done by means of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She writes Mrs. Pinkham of a recent interesting case. "A young married lady came to me suffering with a severe case of Prolapsus and Ulceration. She commenced taking the Compound and in two months was *fully restored*. In proof of this she soon found herself in an interesting condition. Influenced by foolish friends she attempted to evade the responsibilities of maturity. After ten or twelve days she came to me again and she was indeed in a most alarming state and suffered terribly. I gave her a table-spoonful of the Compound every hour for eight hours until she fell asleep, she awoke much relieved and evidently better. She continued taking the Compound, and in due season she became the mother of a fine healthy boy. But for the timely use of the medicine she believes her life would have been lost."

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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Anyone knowing a tune, either "by the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The most admired bathing dress that has appeared at Long Branch this year was brought out on the pretty figure of a Philadelphia girl. It was of cream white boating flannel, scalloped out on the bottom in the shape of grape leaves, above which were bunches of grapes, tendrils and stems in embroidery.

The leaves were shaded green, the grapes were purple, and the skeleton leaves were veined with threads.

The stockings were cream white, with ankles of shaded violet, dark at the foot, and getting paler as they went up.

A straw hat had grape leaves and grapes twined around it. She had given to the artificial leaves and fruit three coats of copal varnish, and could go into the water all summer without shedding the dyes in the least.

The revival of the "Jersey" and its great unlooked for popularity has stimulated the production of woven suits. The latest is of woven elastic cloth, skirt and Garibaldi bodice; the ornamentation stripes in white, or red, or blue—in red, or black, or gray—in cream, or yellow, or brown,—and so on, in great variety of good, modern combinations.

The suit is accompanied by knitted cap to match, with turn-over corners and tassel and knitted sash, forming complete costume. The price is from twenty to twenty-five dollars, and it is accepted as the newest "Racquet" costume.

The usual tennis suits are made in striped flannel, the latter colors shaded in much finer tints and tones than formerly, and, therefore, less common and conspicuous. The more fashionable skirts are made in striped materials, or in plaids, made up on the bias, and worn with a plain Jersey bodice in solid color. The skirt is attached to the edge of this Jersey, and the sash draped over it, the knotted ends falling at the side. The knitted cap, or sailor hat, are equally well worn.

Linen dress goods for summer wear are acquiring a beauty and variety which renders them more attractive with every recurring season.

The new designs in lawns and batistes are very artistic, the leafage and flowerets shaded and tinted in delicate tones and colors, and the solid browns and grays showing open-work stripes in fine lace patterns.

The checked and striped linens are equal in appearance to foulard, and make very cool and economical travelling dresses, and summer, school and blouse dresses for children, for they are cool and wash and wear well.

Of three late Saratoga dresses, the first was of white foulard silk, with large heliotrope polka dots. Basque of heliotrope velvet, high in neck behind, cut low with rounding square in front, neck frilled in with lace. Basque sleeveless, tight-fitting, buttoned with small silk buttons down the front. Sleeves of silk, high puffs at top, half-way to elbow, band of velvet beneath puff. Straight velvet cuffs reaching elbow. Basque has two short straight tails behind. Full draped overskirt, large panier, and a good deal of drapery at back, falling within four inches of bottom of skirt. Pulled high on left side, and falling long on the right side. Plaiting at bottom of underskirt. Down the front and side breadths, beneath overskirt, are long bands of heliotrope velvet ribbon, two inches wide, fastened closely to within four inches of the ends, then falling loosely half-way over the plaiting.

The second costume displayed a hat of shirred black tulle, or Brussels netting, with bow of fine gauze ribbon. Bodice of black surah silk, embroidered with jet flowers, and underskirt of same, embroidered jet up part of front and left side, shirred ruffle of tulle or net in neck, with fine embroidered band. Above the bodice, net or tulle is shirred to the throat, lined with silk, and sleeves are puffed to half-way below the elbow, where shirred cuff begins, finished with ruffle. The tulle or net skirt is made full, same length as silk underskirt, and is caught up twice at left side, showing embroidery.

The third, worn at a garden party, was of pale gray sateen, made directoire style, low, square neck, with gray crepe lisse ruffle sewed in, short high puffed sleeves, gray mitts. Shirred gray tulle hat, with two gray ostrich plumes laid across crown and brim, and the brim pulled around the face, bonnet shape.

The bonnets and hats of fashionable milliners are lower than those of last season. While there are still many high hats, the tendency of all hats is to lower crowns. A great deal of gauze, silk, lace, fine net and crepe lisse and other sheer goods are shirred by milliners into little, close cap-shapes.

These are trimmed with fine flowers, aigrettes, choux of ribbon, as the French name the closely-knotted, rosette-like bows used on bonnets this season.

Clusters of fruit, such as green almonds, ripe cherries, tiny grapes or strawberries, made of rubber, so that they are feather light in weight, are so colored that they exactly simulate the natural fruit. These fruit clusters are used on shirred bonnets of colored net or black lace.

A little bonnet of heliotrope net shirred in tiny puffs, outlined by heliotrope beads, was trimmed with long loops of ribbon in the dull moss-green shade called this season Nile-green, mingled with a high cluster of carnation pinks, in harmonizing colors.

A charming little bonnet of French capote shape was made of steel lace, finished with a soft brim of black velvet, and trimmed with crushed roses in shades of pink and damask.

Little bonnets of Chantilly lace, trimmed with pink roses and finished with bridles of lace, are lovely for young ladies or older ladies who have gray hair. The brilliant Charles XII colors, named from the Swedish warrior king, are too pronounced to be used alone, or where they come against the skin, as they seem to deepen the sallow hue of American complexions, but mingled with black tulle or lace in ostrich tips, and as accessory trimming to black lace bonnets, these colors are very effective.

A stylish little hat in toque shape is made of black tulle shirred on a frame and simply trimmed with a long, slender dagger or buckle of silver.

A charming hat for a young lady was a fine black illusion poke, trimmed with an aigrette and a high, soft fold of canary-colored velvet.

The fancy pine-apple braid imported early in the season, will be used in bonnets for the intermediate season, but fine Milan and English Dunstable braids will continue to be the regular straws used for hats and tailor bonnets, to be worn with tailor dresses.

Fashionable milliners who are always conservative in taste display comparatively few of the fancy straws. The Duchess of Devonshire is a low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat, which is copied from the one worn by the Duchess in the famous picture; this hat is much smaller than the huge Gainsborough hats of a few seasons ago.

A stylish hat of this shape in steel-colored straw was faced with velvet, trimmed with a roll of velvet around the crown, and finished with a panache of ostrich feathers.

The Lady Kildare hat is a medium high-crowned hat with rolling brim close at the sides and faced with velvet; these hats are shown in black Milan, stylishly trimmed with a twist of black point d'esprit net, or Russian net, and a large panache of black ostrich feathers.

A little bonnet of fine blue straw was trimmed with fancy blue gauze, and a large cluster of corn-flowers with foliage and long stems; it was finished with strings of blue taffeta ribbon, with old-fashioned cord edge.

There are some dressy little bonnets composed of rose petals of fine flowers trimmed with ribbon clusters or clusters of green leaves. There is a fancy for trimming bonnets and hats from the back. Little hats with low crowns and rolling brims are shown in brownish olive shades trimmed with olive velvet and clusters of white cherry blossoms. High hats continue to be elaborately trimmed with twists of velvet and silk and wings, which are put in various odd ways.

Children's hats are extreme in size, with huge brims faced with velvet and caught up against the crown. Some of the prettiest children's hats have medium low crowns and wide brims slightly rolling at one side. There are also many little pokes and Tam O'Shanter caps used by young children for dress hats.

[illegible] and Fads.

SOME FEW NOVELTIES.

Novelties are few and far between, because necessity has brought brains and handiwork into such incessant practice, that everything seems to have been thought of—and yet there are new things at every bazaar—especially in pincushions, which are still fond objects to many; and most stall-holders know the customers who peer about and ask, "anything new in pincushions?"

Among the newest are perhaps the double square miniature sofa cushions, laid on crossways to show the eight points or corners. They are made in plush, velvet, satin or fancy silk, and are of the same or different colors.

The uppermost one is the best one, and neatly finished around the edges with the small silk cord, and loops or tassels. Pins are put into both. The fastening together is done where it least shows. They average from four to five inches square.

The Jubilee pincushion is a padded shield of crimson velvet, with a narrow red, white and blue satin ribbon stretched across slanting ways, and finished off in cluster of loops at one corner. It is made over cardboard, with a little bag of bran made to the size, and sewn on before the velvet is laid over. The pins go in all over and around the edge, and a small gold crown is worked in gold, or appliqued.

A third shape is a very plump little square cushion, one side satin and the other plush, deeply indented in the middle of each of the four sides, giving the appearance of having been well pinched. At one corner a pretty bow of ribbon or velvet, with a strap to suspend it by. A small cluster of fruit, artificial flowers, or a butterfly improves the whole.

A fourth variety is in the form of a velvet or brocade bolster, suspended from a good sized bow. The bolster can be from 5 to 7 inches long, and the ribbon suspending it is tied around each end, and then gathered up in the centre.

The small paper Japanese hand-screens are now converted into bellows pincushions by being padded all over, preparatory to being covered with some fancy material, and a piece of cardboard cut to look like the upper part of bellows, and covered to match. The bamboo handle forms the point, and is bound around with ribbon, and finished off with a bow of ribbon at the top.

The little Russian bowls made pretty pincushions, stuffed with bran, covered with red satin, and tied around with red ribbon. The cushion is made like a small pudding in a piece of calico, well glued, and pushed into the bowl.

Another novelty is an ordinary small-size flat iron, first covered with flannel, and then with plush or brocade, handle and all, to form a letter-weight. Most of the covering is done with glue, but sometimes a needle is necessary.

An uncommon wall-pocket is made of cardboard covered with plush, in imitation of a large orchid, that kind known as the "pitcher" orchid, with a pouch in the centre, and three petals, one above and one drooping down each side. They are easy to make, but should be painted to represent the markings of the flower; and the plush should be brown, violet, or a sort of terra-cotta shade, marked with yellow, in oil paints, without medium.

Spectacle cleaners, in cloth, cut out to represent various animals, are novel and quickly made. The animal is first cut out in paper, and laid on to the folded cloth, which is cut to it. The two pieces of cloth are put together and sewn up, except down the back, which is left unsewn. A little pocket of wash leather is sewn neatly into this opening, and the work is done, with the exception of adding black glove buttons for eyes, and working the nose in yellow or red silk, and whiskers, etc.

A black cat, in a defensive attitude, with arched back, is effective; so is a poodle, with black worsted curls over it. The animals measure about three inches long or so. For showing them off at a bazaar they should all be pinned on to a large sheet of cardboard, with "Novel Spectacle Cleaners" written above, to attract attention.

Work bags of cream satin sheeting, with a fancy design of flowers or leaves embroidered in gold colored floselle, and with yellow satin lining and cord for draw-string, are much used now; and so are Venetian linen tea-cloths, and covers for chests of drawers, splashers or bed quilts and perambulator covers all worked in gold-colored silk.

There is a new fancy material called crocodile cloth, resembling soft Turkish muslin, with crinkled surface, which is much used for tea-cloths and also chair-backs. It is moderate in price, and washes well.

A PHYSICIAN prescribed beef-tea for a patient, giving the following directions: Inclose the finely-chopped meat in a glass bottle, then boil by placing the whole in a pot of water. The directions were carried out so far as boiling the bottle of meat in the pot of water was concerned; but, instead of giving the contents of the bottle, the lady gave the sick person the hot water in which the bottle was boiled, and the patient said that she had not tasted anything so good for a long time.

Confidential Correspondents.

JOE.—There are frame-makers in nearly every large town.

MRS. E. W. W.—You will find an outline of "Fettered, Yet Free" in last week's instalment of that story in the POST.

G. F. J.—Scotland Yard, London, is the headquarters of the metropolitan police. It derives its name from being the site of a palace in which the kings of Scotland were received when they visited England.

R. N.—The early dissenters from the Church of England were called Puritans. They advocated a simple form of faith and worship, and became distinguished for the precise observance of religious requirements.

E. X. S.—Intaglio means anything engraved; a precious stone with a head or an inscription cut in or hollowed out, so that an impression taken from it would prevent the appearance of a bas-relief. It is the reverse of a cameo. It is pronounced in-tal-yo; the accent on the second syllable.

G. E. P.—Una is a character in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," intended as a personification of Truth. The name Una signifies one, and refers either to the singleness of purpose characteristic of Truth, or to the singular excellence of the lady's disposition. She marries the "Red-cross Knight," St. George.

C. T. T.—1. There would be no impropriety in your using a post-card. 2. If the hour is not late you can very properly urge the gentleman to prolong his visit. 3. Your own good sense should prompt you to speak to the point in either case. 4. Yes. 5. As a rule, the lady bows or speaks first. 6. The best form is, "No, I thank you."

READER.—Cleveland's Cabinet: Bayard, Secretary of State; Lamar, Secretary of the Interior; Endicott, Secretary of War; Vilas, Postmaster General; Whitney, Secretary of the Navy; Garland, Attorney General; Fairchild, Secretary of the Treasury. 2. Cullom, and Logan—since dead—Senators from Illinois. We cannot give you the list of the whole Senate, as it would take up more space than we can conveniently spare.

O. W. C.—You must give her time to get over her mortification and anger at your seemingly outrageous neglect. It was, of course, a great shock to her to be left in the lurch without a word of explanation; but when she comes to reflect upon the facts, as you have stated them to her mother, she will see that you were not to blame, and will then, doubtless, relent, and be as friendly as she was before the unfortunate complication occurred.

A. C. H.—Sympathetic inks are such as do not appear after they are written with, but which may be made to appear at pleasure by certain means to be used for that purpose. A variety of substances have been used for this purpose, among which are the following: Write with weak boiled starch, and when the writing is required to appear brush over with a weak solution of iodine; the letters will appear blue. Write on paper with a solution of nitrate of bismuth, and when the writing is required to appear, dip a feather in an infusion of galls and pass over the writing, and it will appear of a brown color.

IGNORAMUS.—A lady must be guided by circumstances in an introduction to a gentleman, there is no rule; a few courteous words are all that generally pass, unless there is something special in the occasion. 3. A polite refusal is all that is required when a lady does not wish to dance with any particular gentleman. A man would hardly be called a gentleman who would say anything improper to a lady, and the most dignified thing to do in such a case would be to ignore him and his words altogether. 3. What "Ignoramus" calls "a piece of her mind" would be decidedly unladylike, and would most likely lead to further rudeness.

PRUDENT.—A life insurance is a contract whereby an insurer engages, for a consideration called a premium, to pay a certain sum of money on a certain person's death. Life insurance is governed by the same legal principles as other kinds of insurance. Any person can insure the life of another upon whom he or she is dependent for support. Any misrepresentation of essential facts in obtaining a policy will render it void. It is understood that a claim said to be payable "on the death of the insured," is payable at the end of the policy year in which he dies; but when the claim is known to be valid, it is usually paid three months after death. A whole life policy is an agreement on the part of the company to pay a certain sum to those representatives of the insured mentioned therein on his death. A term policy is an agreement to pay to the representatives of the insured a certain sum on his death, provided that event happens within a certain fixed term.

J. S. J.—Jubilee, according to the Jewish definition, denotes every fiftieth year, being that following the revolution of seven weeks of years, at which time all the slaves were made free and all lands reverted to their ancient owners. The jubilees were not observed after the Babylonish captivity. The political design of the law of the jubilee was to prevent the too great oppression of the poor, as well as their being liable to perpetual slavery. A kind of equality was thus preserved through all the families of Israel, and the distinction of tribes was also preserved that they might be able when there was occasion, on the jubilee year, to prove their right to the inheritance of their ancestors. It served also, like the Olympiads of the Greeks, and the Lustra of the Romans, for the readier computation of time. The jubilee has also been supposed to be typical of the Gospel state and dispensation described by Isaiah, in reference to this period as the acceptable gift of the Lord.

BANQUO.—In the reign of King James I (during which Shakspeare wrote this tragedy), the reality of witchcraft was credited not only by the ignorant, but the learned also. The king, before his arrival in England, had prepared a treatise on Demonology, in which he gives a formal account of the practices of evil spirits, compacts of witches, manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them. This book was reprinted in London; and in the first year of his reign a law was enacted in Parliament by which "any person who invoked the aid of, or employed or fed," etc., any wicked spirit, etc., or used sorcery, charms, etc., by which persons should be destroyed, or any part of the body lamed, etc., such person, being convicted, should suffer death. Thus in the time of Shakspeare witches were daily discovered, and the belief in witchcraft was established by law and fashion. On this popular superstition Shakspeare might easily be allowed to found a play.